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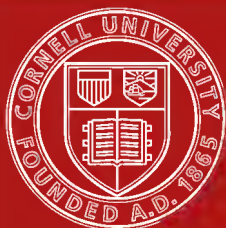
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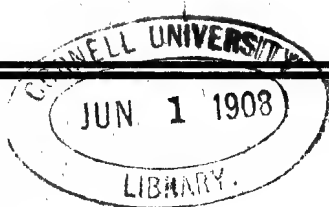
1. Depew. Speeches, 1907-08.
2. ——— Speeches, 1908.
3. ——— Speeches in the Senate, 1902-03.
4. ——— In memoriam: John H. Ketcham and William H. Flack.
5. ——— In memoriam: Edmund W. Pettus.











# **SPEECHES**

**OF**

**Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.**

*At the Dinner Given by the Pilgrims  
Society of New York to the Right  
Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Lon-  
don, on October 15, 1907,*

*At the Dinner Given by the Lotos Club  
to Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans  
on November 2, 1907,*

*At the Dinner of the Hungry Club  
of New York on December 28, 1907,*

*At the Annual Dinner of the  
Automobile Club in New York, on  
January 25, 1908.*



Compliments of  
*Chauncey M. Depew*

**At the Dinner Given by the Pilgrims Society of  
New York to the Right Reverend, the Lord  
Bishop of London, on October 15, 1907.**

At this meeting in compliment to the Bishop of London Mr. W. Butler Duncan presided. The speeches of welcome were made by Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for President in the last election, and Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and the farewell by Senator Depew.

MR. PRESIDENT, MY LORD BISHOP,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We Pilgrims are delighted to greet our brother from England. The vigorous and inspiring work of the Bishop of London in the under world of that metropolis has been known to us for years. Its breezy optimism and admirable results have been lessons for our own labors in similar fields.

We have all been deeply interested in the eloquent speech of our friend Judge Parker and the charming American spirit in which he alluded to his late contest for the Presidency of the United States as the candidate of the Democratic party. When he said, however, that he would not in any way except this "talk politics" I was in doubt. I knew he meant it, and

also how uncontrollable is the habit. He must have had in mind the recent tragedies in the Republican party when he made the remark, which it was only possible for a Democrat to make, that a little of the inspiring fluid taken in moderation did not alarm him. There was also one remark in the instructive and illuminating address which we have heard from the Bishop which never would have been made by an American in public life in these times of fervid agitation and legislation, when he frankly admitted he enjoyed riding in a private car and upon a pass.

We owe a debt to our newspapers for the enterprise with which they present every morning to their readers a photograph of the political, religious, literary and scientific activities among English-speaking peoples. It does more than diplomacy or conventions or conferences to promote peace and bring us together. We have been for at least two decades as familiar with the daily walk, characteristics, life and achievements of the statesmen, preachers and scientists of Great Britain as our own. This practice has within the last decade entered English journalism, and now our kin across the sea know more about us than ever before.

We have become accustomed to having the ubiquitous reporter meet a well-known Englishman at the New York quarantine and demand in advance his views of the politics and characteristics of the people he has come to visit. There is a bit of Yankee shrewdness in this. He can say only nice things of those who are to be his hosts, and what he may say or write afterward does not count.

There is this difference between the American and the English reporter: The American wants ideas of our country; the Englishman never asks the opinion of the traveler upon anything English, but seeks information as to the prospects of our crops, our financial situation, the tendency of the stock market and who will be the next President.

Ten years ago when I arrived in London I would receive a letter from the managers of the newspapers requesting a date for their representatives to call, and the reporters would submit their manuscript before publication. Now no American is safe on arrival either at Queenstown, Plymouth, Liverpool or Southampton from the scribe and the camera fiend.

American literature and the stage of both countries

have presented the Englishman as self-centered, unemotional and unsympathetic upon all occasions, tragic or otherwise. But I was fortunate in being present at the historic reception given this summer by the Pilgrims of London to Mark Twain. I never had seen the political idol of the hour in our country received with more spontaneous cordiality or more wild enthusiasm than was our great humorist by these representative Englishmen. The audience warmed to Mark in a way that melted him, and they caught on to his jokes.

Such gatherings as the one at the Savoy hotel in London and this at the Plaza here to-night surpass, in all that makes for the good fellowship that promotes the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, the anti-warlike and disarmament propositions at The Hague eloquently discussed, tentatively considered and timidly suppressed or defeated.

Many years ago I met an enthusiastic fellow countryman in London who said he had postponed his return home in order to be on hand and witness one of the great events in history, when the Throne should be changed for the Presidency, the House of Lords

abolished and the Church disestablished. I said, "How long have you postponed your trip in order to witness this cataclysm?" He said, "Six weeks." This American no longer exists, except among the very young.

A sweet girl graduate from one of New England's famous colleges who had been educated on Webster's oration at Bunker Hill and the histories of my distinguished friend, Senator Cabot Lodge, was this summer in London pleasing an eminent English statesman at a dinner one night by her freshness and brightness. He finally said to her, paying the highest compliment in his repertoire, "Well, my dear, you know we are one." She answered, "Nothing of the kind. We are one in no way except that you speak our language."

When we visit England we go to London, which is more than any other city the metropolis of the world. There we meet every variety of character and genius of the English, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh. We also meet all that there is of distinction of every race and nationality in the world. It is a liberal education and dissolves provincialism, and promotes the common citizenship of this old earth. But we in this



country have many capitals. To understand us the stranger visiting our shores must see them all. Their differences are illustrated by an old story, and I have found that the older the story the fewer there are who have heard it. The Boston man in Heaven said to Saint Peter, "I see nothing here which is better than Boston;" while the Chicago man remarked to his guide in the other world, "I had no idea that Heaven was so much like Chicago," and the guide grimly answered, "But this is not Heaven."

The foreigner who stays in New York sees the people in our country through glasses before one of which is terrapin and the other canvasback duck. These unequaled native delicacies are American, but they are not the United States.

It is the habit of all people to compare the distinguished men of other countries with those of their own. The highest compliment an Englishman can pay to an American is to say that he resembles in charm, tactfulness and talent for affairs the peace-maker of Europe, who has done more than all the diplomats to avert war and advance the best interests of his own kingdom, King Edward. The German

exhausts his vocabulary of compliment when he says that our President is remarkably like the Kaiser. I think that we will all admit that there is a general and remarkable resemblance in the characteristics of the Kaiser, President Roosevelt and the Lord Bishop of London.

It is seldom that the world stands still even for an hour in these busy days of the universal inter-communication of intelligence, but the feat of Joshua when he commanded the sun and moon to stand still has been recently surpassed. For nearly a week the British Premier's movement against the House of Lords did not interest Great Britain. The trusts, predatory wealth and the stock market received no attention in the United States. We were on tiptoe of anxious inquiry on both sides of the Atlantic to discover who won that game of lawn tennis. The world was relieved when the Bishop with charming frankness said, "I did." But we can assure him and his countrymen that in this contest with our President there are other fields of activities yet to be tried. I am quite sure the Bishop has not shot a bear.

Our guest has come to us on one of the most

important missions. As history goes we are not an old nation, but there are events in the story of our growth which exceed in their results the evolution of the ages.

Three hundred years ago the first English colonists settled at Jamestown and brought with them their Church. The Bishop comes with a message from that ancient Church to her daughter in the United States and lays upon the altar of the sacred edifice erected three centuries ago in the wilderness of Virginia the Bible presented by the King. We may differ widely in our interpretation of the Bible; some may doubt its inspiration, but all will admit that it has been the great welding power in the civilization and comradeship of English-speaking peoples. On both sides of the Atlantic it carries through life the best inspiration and tenderest memories of kindred, family and home. All literature has not contributed so much as this fountain of noble and lofty expressions and of English undefiled. But the most valuable and cherished message which the Bishop has brought is the Bishop himself. The principles enforced in his sermons and his healthy activities in the public

interests are singularly in touch and harmony with American thought and work.

In bidding him farewell with our best wishes for a pleasant voyage, we hope his visit is only an introduction preceding many returns. We were interested in what we read of him, but the better we know him the more we want of him.



**At the Dinner Given by the Lotos Club to Rear-  
Admiral Robley D. Evans on November 2,  
1907.**

**MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:**

It is a rare pleasure to escape even for an evening from the troubled waters of finance to the safe and peaceful waves upon which our navy gloriously floats; and, speaking of trouble, it is the distinction of the Admiral that he has never avoided it anywhere and has always beaten it.

There is a story current in Washington which probably is not true but so characteristic as to be generally believed. The officers of the navy are always religious on Sunday morning. Wherever they may be on shore or afloat they go to church. It is reported that Admiral Evans, being in New York, entered a fashionable church near his hotel and somehow escaped the watchful sexton and seated himself comfortably in the corner of one of the best pews. The owner and his wife coming in discussed with each other in great

indignation this intrusion of a stranger upon their sacred preserves. The pewholder finally wrote on his card, handed it to his wife, who nodded her approval, and passed it on to the Admiral. It read, "Do you know, sir, that I pay one thousand dollars a year for this pew?" The Admiral promptly wrote underneath and passed it back. "You pay a damned sight too much. Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N." I am sure when the recording angel grasped the situation that in his laughter at the discomfiture of the Pharisee his tears blotted out the expletive.

We have Pharisees in the Church, in the professions, in business, in public life, and sometimes even in journalism, but I never have known a distinguished officer of brilliant record, either in the army or the navy, who claimed that he was better, or braver, or greater than his associates and who did not most generously accord to each his full meed of merit. "I am holier than thou" is happily not one of the characteristics of those honorable professions the Navy and the Army.

On the worst day of the panic when money was impossible for the millionaire or the working man to



get, I walked into a book store. Books are luxuries and not salable in panics. I was the only prospective customer. The salesman finally forced upon me a series of volumes I did not want, nor would any one else, when I heard a fellow salesman whisper to him, "I think the proper thing for you to offer the Senator would be the works of Charles Lamb." In no stress of weather during his long life has our open-minded, open-hearted and red-blooded guest ever been a lamb or fooled by a lemon.

The point of our compliment to-night is to the men who do things. We have passed many an evening in this club honoring gentlemen who speak or write things. In the last analysis those whose business it is to act save the day. It was the speeches of Adams, Otis and Patrick Henry which brought on the Revolutionary War, but it was Washington and his Continental army who won the battle. It was Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Wade preaching anti-slavery in the North and Jefferson Davis, Toombs and Benjamin advocating secession in the South which brought on the Civil War, but it was Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the Grand Army on land

and Farragut and Porter and the Navy on the seas which saved the republic.

We have just passed through a crisis surpassing in perils to business that of '57, of '61, of '73, of '84 and of '93, all of which I witnessed. The internal interchange in production and manufactures in the United States surpasses that of all the rest of the world. Less than five per cent. of it is done with money and more than ninety-five per cent. with credit. In this fabric of national credit is every bank, every railroad, every manufactory and every department of capital, labor, wages and employment in the country. For two days it seemed as if it might tumble about our ears and the consequence be more disastrous than any ever before known upon this continent, but the day was saved by the pluck, courage and genius for affairs of the men who do things.

The late William C. Whitney, when Secretary of the Navy, happily and farsightedly inaugurated the beginning of the building of a fleet which should be commensurate with our position and power among nations. This has progressed under the influence of Roosevelt until now we are nearly, if not quite,

second among naval powers. A navy is to protect the coasts of its country and its commerce. Our coast on the mainland is practically impregnable, our distant colonial possessions are dependent upon our navy, but we are alone among the great industrial peoples in having no across-ocean mercantile marine and no foreign commerce under the American flag. The merchant ships of Great Britain and Germany which are sailing upon every sea would in case of war be convoyed by battle ships, cruisers, torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. From the mercantile marine of these countries would be drafted into their navies as auxiliaries a vast fleet of merchant vessels equipped with every modern appliance, and especially constructed for naval purposes. We would have practically none. We are compelled to rely on alien vessels to coal and supply the fleet about to sail for the Pacific under the command of our guest. I remember when a youth the pride which every American boy had in the clipper ships, which surpassed in speed all others and gave to us a position equal if not superior to any upon the ocean. I remember when iron succeeded wood how

the Collins line of American steamers, still in the front as to speed and efficiency, maintained the pride and power of the American flag upon the seas. But when the policy of the United States was changed and our mercantile marine was dropped by our government, while that of European countries was sustained, our flag disappeared in foreign commerce. It was once our proud boast that there was no port in the world where we were not honorably represented, and now the American traveler can belt the globe, and go in and out of its oceans and seas, and in and out of the ports of Asia, Africa and Europe without once seeing from the masthead of the crowded shipping the emblem of his country. The supremacy of the seas has gone to England in the *Lucania*, to Germany in the *Deutschland* and to France in the *Savoie*.

The tradition and glories of the seas have come down through countless generations. Nothing so much interests peoples of every country as achievement upon the waters. A hundred thousand Englishmen cheered the *Lusitania* when she started upon her trial trip and thousands of Americans applauded

her when she had won the trophy and docked in New York. But she was a British vessel built with the assistance of money contributed from the treasury of the British Government. The Mauretania, still larger and still faster, was cheered last week upon her trial trip by hundreds of thousands of English and Irish, and she too, when arriving in New York and winning the trophy for speed and superiority, will be hailed by thousands of Americans. The Germans are building still larger and still faster vessels and the competition if successful will receive the applause of the Germans and the cheers of the Americans. But, where are we? Even Norway and Belgium are our superiors. We are a protectionist country protecting every article in which is invested capital or labor, but we are free traders on the ocean. England is a free-trade country, but recognizing that commerce is her life blood she is protected to the backbone upon the seas. Foreign nations can construct and run their ships at nearly one-half less than we can because of our higher wages, and they have subsidies besides. Money to the amount of less than the cost of a single battleship annually contributed to our mercantile

marine would make us equal in cost of building and operating with other countries, and American energy, enterprise and genius could be relied upon to do the rest.

Our post office advertises that letters for South America will be mailed by the steamers leaving on certain dates for English ports, there to be transferred to English vessels for South America.

Secretary Root made a most brilliant and successful expedition among the southern republics and did more for our diplomacy with them than any statesman in our history, and yet except for better and more permanent political relations it will be barren of results, because trade follows the flag and our flag does not go between North and South America except upon a few ships to a few ports.

We glory in our navy, but some of us at least cannot help mourning that one of its most useful purposes, the promotion, extension and protection of our commerce, can have no possible place in its operations. Oh! for the return of the day when Americans can be proud and happy because the position of their clipper ships has been regained by their steamships.

This dinner is a hail and farewell to the gallant Admiral upon his voyage to the Pacific ocean. The commotion which this expedition has created, and the discussion it has aroused all over the world, is one of the eccentricities of the times. We have three thousand miles of coast on the Atlantic, and its harbors are familiar with our fleet. We have many more miles on the Pacific and most of its harbors have never seen an American battleship, or known the inspiration and education of an American man-of-war at their docks. Midway in the Pacific are our Hawaiian islands and nearest to the Orient the Philippines. China, the great market of the future for industrial countries producing a surplus from their workshops, feels more friendly to us than to all others because in the matter of the indemnity which was exacted for the losses in the Boxer War the United States alone kept only what was due and honorably returned the balance. The Chinaman, as all know, as a merchant is the most honorable trader in the east. His word is as good as his bond, and nothing reaches or impresses him so much as commercial honesty in other nations and peoples. And yet, if these pessimists are right,



the harbors on the Pacific coast whose boys and girls might be inspired with patriotism by the presence of an American fleet must not see the flag. Honolulu and the Philippines, which can only be protected and maintained in case of trouble by an American fleet, must not know by observation that we have one. And the Orient, which believes only what it sees, must not be reminded of the fact that the United States is second among the naval powers of the world. Why! Why! Can our fleet sail only on the Atlantic ocean? Why! must it not sail on the Pacific ocean? The answer is because it would offend the susceptibilities of the new power in the east—Japan. In the first place, I believe that the Japanese statesmen are too sensible and too well informed to have any such feeling, or to desire trouble with the United States. In the next place, where any fleet of any friendly nation goes, ours can go if it likes, and it is no one's business but our own. Curiously enough there is precedent in our history as the youngest among naval nations for warning us off different seas. We were told during the Revolutionary War that if we attempted

to have a navy our ships would be treated as pirates and their officers hung. And yet that idea was defeated gloriously and decisively by the father of the American navy, Commodore Paul Jones.

Just before and after the beginning of the nineteenth century, or say a little over a hundred years ago, the moors of Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli warned us that they would be deeply offended if our navy entered the Mediterranean. They then insisted that our merchant ships should pay tribute for navigating that sea. As a result we paid eighty thousand dollars to Morocco for this permit and forty thousand to Algiers for the release of American seamen who had been captured and held as slaves, and an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars besides, and then we presented to the Dey of Algiers a ship of war which cost us a hundred thousand dollars. When the subsidy for 1800 was sent in the frigate George Washington, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, the Dey ordered his own tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, consisting of slaves mainly, to be taken on board and carried to Constantinople, and that the American flag should be hauled down and

his own hoisted in its place. The American consul made Bainbridge agree to this, and that splendid naval officer swore that if he ever again was asked to undertake such a mission he would deliver it at the mouth of his guns. The American spirit was at last aroused and our navy let loose. It was not long before Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull and Rogers forever settled the question of the right of the American navy to sail over the Mediterranean the same as the ships of war of any other nation.

In 1812 Great Britain disputed the equal privileges of the United States upon the Atlantic Ocean. Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and Decatur, and Hull, and Bainbridge again on the Atlantic, established forever the unquestioned right of the American flag on its ships of war, and on its merchantmen to be unmolested on the Atlantic. And now in this year of Grace one thousand nine hundred and seven, after a century of preparation, of production, of progress and of power, it is proposed to close to us the Pacific, in which we have as great interests as any other nation. Gentlemen, there will be no war. After this expedition the American navy will be able to sail where it

is ordered, and when the United States Government thinks it expedient, without any question being raised on any pretext of sensitiveness or hostility.

The President of the United States sends to the Senate for confirmation his appointments of judges of our courts, ambassadors, ministers and consuls. He sends also for confirmation his appointments and promotions of officers of our Army and Navy. The wisdom of these appointments is often questioned in the Senate. But there was an announcement in the paper this week which pleased every member of that body without regard to party. It was that the office of Vice-Admiral would be created and the President would send in to fill that supreme commission the name of our guest of to-night, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.



## **At the Dinner of the Hungry Club of New York on December 28, 1907.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is a great pleasure to meet here such a unique and original organization. Your President, Miss Sheridan, is always unique and ever original, so any organization over which she presides must possess these characteristics. I thought at first that my invitation to be the guest of honor at the Hungry Club was due to the reputation I had acquired in fifty years of attendance at public dinners of an inappeasable appetite, and that my hosts wanted to teach me how much more economical, satisfactory and healthy it is to believe you have dined than to eat a square meal. My wife asked me before coming to you whether I had not better dine beforehand or have something ready to appease hunger when I returned home, but if she saw the abundance you have on your menu her anxiety would be relieved. I have discovered, however, happily for me, that the true secret of longevity is to be at such dinners as often as possible, but never

outside of one. Life insurance and medical statistics demonstrate that more people die from overeating than all other causes combined. At the public dinner, especially where, as a rule, the guests are selected people of special charm and brilliancy, men shovel with reckless inattention each of the many courses as they come along into an overloaded stomach, and suffer the consequences. Few of these convivial friends of mine passed the sixty-year limit. The veterans who are here because they have been wise and prudent I can count on the fingers of one hand.

I was given a dinner once by a friend who wished to pay me for the many favors I had been glad to extend. The guests were ideal, the dinner the best, and prepared by the most distinguished chef in New York, and the wines the oldest and rarest from his own cellar and those of his friends. I was then following the invariable rule when frequently dining out of confining myself to the roast and little wine and playing a knife-and-fork tune of hospitality with the rest of the courses to deceive the host. Grieved and disappointed, he took me to task for not appreciating an entertainment to which he had devoted so much time,



thought and expense. Then I told him my rule for combining this sort of pleasure with the retaining of a clear head and ability for good work during the social season. He said, "Well, I never could do that. I go to a dinner like this four times a year. I enjoy myself beyond words eating and drinking everything that is offered, and then stay in bed or in the house for a week." That doesn't pay.

I was on my way one night to a dinner at Delmonico's. In the street-car a man sitting opposite looked at me curiously for a few minutes (I never had seen him before) and then said, "Mr. Depew, will you dine out to-night?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "we were talking about you at dinner this evening at our boarding-house, and the landlady said suggestively, 'I would like to board Chauncey Depew, because he never dines at home.'"

One of the most witty, versatile and able of the members of the House of Representatives told me that he began life in the humblest way and had the hardest kind of a struggle during his early years. At one time he could find no other employment than that of waiter in the hotel of a Western city. Tired of

that, he succeeded, by the use of freight-trains and riding on trucks of passenger-cars, in getting across the Rockies to the Pacific coast. When he was elected to Congress he passed through this same city and stopped at the hotel where he had once served at the table. The waiter behind his chair was the one who had been his partner and room-mate in the old days, and was doing all that could be thought of in the way of attention which should suggest a liberal tip. When he turned around and spoke to his old friend the waiter gasped, nearly fainted, and then said, "Is it possible it is you, Bob? How did you get by the clerk?" The Congressman said, "Yes, old man, it is me. When I left here I went West, studied law and am now a Congressman on my way to Washington." His friend threw up both hands and said, "Good Lord, why didn't I go West!"

Some years ago I enjoyed the contrast of dining on succeeding nights with a company of tramps and a multi-millionaire. The rich man, who possessed more millions than I had years, said to me when his splendid banquet was over: "I am the unhappiest man alive. During my early life I worked hard,

heartily enjoyed the table, and slept well. Now there is no one in my employment who does not have a better time than I do. My stomach has gone back on me, the doctor gives me no hope of improvement, and with this has come insomnia and I cannot sleep. To see my guests (and I try to have only those who will enjoy good things) appreciating what my cook does is a great pleasure, but while the courses come and go I am rigidly confined to my toast, tea and milk, and feel that I am in the position of that old fellow, whose name I cannot recall, but who gave to our language the word 'tantalize.'" The next evening was Christmas eve. One of the great journals of New York had decided to make a sociological experiment by giving a Christmas dinner to the unfortunates who stand at midnight in a line stretching for blocks from the door of Fleischman's bakery, each waiting his turn to receive the loaf of bread which Fleischman gives to those who ask every night. The representatives of the newspaper—a young man and young woman who were familiar with the work—went over and selected a hundred from those who were waiting, and one by one they came into the dining-room of the hotel. I

had been asked to preside. I went in full regalia, an evening costume with a rose in the buttonhole, feeling that I could pay them no better compliment than to dine with them in the same guise as would have been customary at Delmonico's or Sherry's. The dinner was abundant and thoroughly enjoyed. A lean and hungry Cassius-looking ex-school-teacher who sat opposite me was helped five times to the turkey, got outside of seven pieces of pie and drank six brimming cups of coffee. It was a difficult crowd to address, but I took for my theme, Christmas at home in the country in boyhood days, with its lesson of hope and dismissal of despair. That brought out a number of speeches of unusual excellence, everyone accepting and enforcing the idea of starting a new life from this touch of human sympathy. Several of the crowd were college graduates, one was a clergyman, one a naval engineer and many were experts and proficient in different lines of industry. With only one exception there were no victims of bad habits. They had come to this great maelstrom of New York to better their condition, had failed, spent their earnings and were ashamed either to return home, acknowledg-

ing their failure, or to appeal for help. None of them applied to me for assistance, but I heard afterward of many who from that night thanked God, took courage and won out. One was an Anarchist who said that he was doing very well, and was in the crowd to preach his doctrines to an audience which he thought would be peculiarly receptive. He grimly said, when leaving, if I had not turned out to be, in his judgment, a good fellow, he intended to emphasize the meeting by killing me. That experience confirmed for me what I have learned by long experience, that the camaraderie of the dinner-table for friendship, for social enjoyment and for mission work in any line has marvelous power and inspiration.

What a glorious thing it is to have been born in the country. I remember—and doubtless you from the farms recall similar experiences—how supper tasted after a day in the fields or woods, or along the brooks, or fishing, rowing or skating. When I was a boy, after an old-fashioned country ball-game we would sit down under the best tree in my grandfather's orchard, fill our straw hats to the brim with apples, eat every one, and still be able to diminish the larder at

the evening meal. I pity the city boy who knows not those delights of rough living in the country which build up constitutions that survive all shocks and stomachs capable of resisting all trials. The country boy has a dreamless sleep and a fresh awakening, and neither Bunker Hill Monument nor his ancestors sit on him during the night.

There are many kinds of hunger. The most conspicuous exhibit at the present time is the eager appetite for the Presidency of the United States. I am always in doubt which candidates want it most, those who profess their desire or those who coyly deny any such ambition. It is the most honorable place in the gift of any people, but the candidates assume the maiden's air and ways. Some are leap-year candidates, and propose; others say they are willing to be drafted; others that they do not want nor seek, but will obey the solemn voice of the people; while still others, believing that everything comes to him who hustles while he waits, keep their lightning-rods high in the air. We have had many elections when it was of vital importance to the best interests of the Republic who was elected. We have fallen now,

however, upon times when radicalism has largely accomplished its purposes and secured its legislation, and the people desire to await the results of the experiments before trying other new schemes; so that, while some Presidents would be far better than others, the country will progress to a greater or less degree, dependent on the man and the party, whoever wins.

In fifty-odd years upon the platform and meeting the public I have seen many phases of hunger for fame. I was reading this afternoon just before coming here the letters of the Roman statesman and orator, Cicero. They were collected shortly after his death and have come down to us. They prove that human nature was precisely the same, and that there was just as much of it two thousand years ago as to-day. He frequently remarks that he wants the applause of his contemporaries as well as immortality through coming generations. When he was driven from power into exile and his property seized, his letters are one long wail bedewed with floods of tears. When in power they were full of egotism, of ambition for great places, of desire for the favor of the crowd and anxiety to make money. Here is a bit from two of them which

I paraphrase. In the first he writes to his intimate: "B is one of the most valuable citizens of the republic. He has genius for affairs, great learning, and is worthy of the highest positions. He is a cordial friend of mine, and I hope at some time to be where I can give him a place worthy of his extraordinary powers." Then Cicero adds, "I do not believe any of these things, but I need the man and his services. Please therefore repeat to him what I have written about him, but not as if suggested by me." I have met with politicians in life who write just such letters. The second epistle is addressed to a gentleman who had compiled several volumes of a comprehensive history of Rome. Cicero says to him, "I have never met in my reading with a work so full, complete and accurate, such a valuable contribution to our country's history, and written with such eloquence, as the volumes which have come to my attention. As you are approaching the story of Catiline's conspiracy, I would suggest instead of making a chapter of it you put it in a separate volume. As you know, I unearthed that conspiracy, defeated it, saved the republic and brought Catiline to punishment; I can furnish



you with my orations delivered in the Senate on the subject, and would also like to write some of the chapters, but of course that must not be known." This is a delicious bit of human nature, and I am acquainted with several statesmen of to-day who could emulate Cicero in this line.

While it is saddening, it is also inspiring to go among the young Americans in the great capitals of Europe who are struggling for distinction in the arts, the professions, or in science. They live on a crust and high ideals. Their hunger is for fame, a superb ambition, and yet I do not believe that Titian or Raphael, Milton or Dante, Shakespeare or Bacon wrote for fame. Their hunger was to picture, as much for their own gratification as for others, the inspired ideals which were in their minds. There was buried last week in Westminster Abbey a man who has contributed more to useful and practical scientific research than any other in this generation. His labors for nearly seventy years were the results of the impelling force of an insatiable hunger for the discovery of the truth. Lord Kelvin will live as one of the benefactors of his race whose struggle was not for the laurel

wreath, for he never thought of that, but for benefits to mankind in developing the secrets of nature.

Hunger has created heroes and influenced the destinies of races and nations. Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but an ignoble purpose carried Greek literature, refinement, art and government to the uplifting of the effete and worn-out nations of the East. Cæsar's hunger for power consolidated the breaking fragments of Rome and for succeeding centuries was inculcating law and orderly society among barbarous and savage tribes. Napoleon's hunger for universal empire spread the ideas of the French Revolution and created modern liberalism and radicalism in Europe. Take out of the life of young America the hunger to better his conditions and advance as near as possible to ideals in politics, business, invention, adventure and finance and American progress stops and retrogression begins.

But, my friends, I am wandering far afield. The poet, the elocutionist, the delineator and the artist are waiting to entertain us. It is good fellowship which for seventy-two successive Saturday nights has

brought together this company from the fields of journalism, literature, art and the professions. I know of no title which during this holiday season, or at any other period, is more gratifying for man or woman than that of "Good Fellow," and, so far as my experience and memory run, the Hungry Club stands pre-eminent in its good fellowship.



**Speech of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at the  
Annual Dinner of the Automobile Club in  
New York, on January 25, 1908.**

GENTLEMEN:

This club, with its appointments, its membership and its garage, is evidence of the remarkable progress of a new industry. The presence of the very accomplished, able and distinguished Ambassador of France, who has come from Washington for the sole purpose of attending this meeting, shows the international interest in the automobile industry. In fact, the automobile, to the completion and perfection of which French genius has contributed so largely, has done more to bring France and the United States close together than anything which has occurred since Lafayette joined the American army under General Washington.

There is hardly any subject which does not have some bearing upon the views of the fathers of the Republic. The Constitution which they framed remains exactly as it came from the hands of Washington,

Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams. It so completely embodies the essentials of representative government that it was sufficient for the three millions of people, with the wilderness behind them, of their time, as it is for the ninety millions in the forty-six States of to-day. If they could revisit the scenes of their activities they would feel at home and happy on the political side, but a few days' experience of modern life would drive them back to their celestial abode. We cannot imagine the feelings of General Washington while going from New York to Washington in five hours, when in his time it took that number of days, or of riding in a trolley-car through the streets of the Capital which he was at so much pains to lay out, or of talking a thousand miles through the telephone, or of sending a wireless message to London and receiving an answer within an hour, when communication between these points in his time took one hundred and twenty days. Speed is the factor of the world's progress. Time is, and always has been, everything. Speed and time measure the capacity of the human intellect and the profitableness or failure of the farm, the mine, the factory

and the store. They enable ten times as many people to live on this earth as could have existed one hundred years ago. They have made the luxuries of a century ago the commonplace comforts of to-day. Those of us who have passed the three-score-and-ten period have witnessed most of these marvels. We have seen the clipper-ship hailed as a wonder of the world because it reduced the crossing of the Atlantic from sixty to thirty days, and we have seen the Mauritania do the same in four days and a few hours. We have seen the sloop almost driven from the Hudson River by the steamboat, and the steamboat reduced to limited usefulness by the railroad. We have seen the waterways on which our internal commerce wholly depended subordinated to the railroads because of the influence of speed upon economy in time. The horse was developed with the greatest care to accomplish the same results. A second a mile to a trotter was of national importance. But now we have the horseless carriage for the roadway and tremendous progress is being made on the airship.

There is a tradition that some old fellow perfected a three-wheeled steam road-wagon eighty years ago.

His invention lay dormant for sixty years and was of little account until seventy had passed. The automobile industry as an industrial and financial success and a commercial and pleasure necessity is not over ten years old.

Eleven years ago I was one of the committee with General Miles and others for a racing contest gotten up by John Brisben Walker for his "Cosmopolitan Magazine." All the best machines in the country, both foreign and domestic, were invited to compete. The course was along that excellent old highway, Broadway, from New York to Ardsley, a distance of twenty-two miles. About twenty entered the race. They all broke down but three, which covered the distance to Ardsley and back to the starting-place in seven hours. On the Ormond beach in Florida the automobile of to-day runs from seventy to eighty miles an hour, and in the famous Vanderbilt contest on Long Island they did equally well, while at the Weybridge Motordrome in England the machines average sixty-six miles an hour with a continuous run of twenty-four hours.

Statistics are dry, as a rule, but are at times most eloquent. In 1900 there were only three thousand



seven hundred cars in use in the United States, both imported and of American make. In 1907 there were one hundred and fifty thousand, valued at two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. It has been estimated that the cash worth of these machines was more than the assessed valuation of all the land in the States of Florida, Nevada and Oregon, with the territories of New Mexico and Arizona added. This industry, which had scarcely any recognition ten years ago, has progressed so rapidly that last year forty thousand automobiles were built, which were valued at eighty millions of dollars. The importance of this manufacture in the employment of both capital and labor has been almost wholly overlooked. There were six million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars paid last year in wages in the automobile factories of the United States, and employment given directly or indirectly to over two millions of workers. For the first few years of the ten which we are considering we were dependent almost entirely upon foreign-built machines. Their popularity and use grew so rapidly that it has been estimated that the customs receipts from this absolutely new article in

our revenue schedule for ten years exceeds the total cost of our diplomatic and consular service. It is a source of pride in which we take supreme satisfaction that we have made so much improvement upon machinery for various industries which was invented in older countries we are enabled to compete with them in all the markets of the world. Our locomotives are on the rails in Europe, Asia and Africa. Our electrical trolley systems are in the cities of all these continents and in Australia. Our agricultural implements are plowing the fields which were trodden by Roman soldiers and the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals. In the hot competition to meet the constantly increasing demand, our manufacturers of automobiles have so perfected their carriages that last year we invaded with over three thousand machines every country in Europe, including France, the home of the automobile, and our greatest exportation was to Great Britain.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the automobile wagon for delivering goods in great cities and their suburbs. Storekeepers have felt it in the enlargement of their business and the reduction of cost.

Working men and women have felt it in increase of employment, and the consumer in cheaper goods and quicker delivery. The rural delivery carrier extends his area, and more outlying homes are brought within reach of this beneficent adjunct to the post office. The motor cab enables the woman shopper and the man of business to cover three times the amount of territory in comfort that was formerly accomplished with effort and fatigue.

On the health side I know from experience that the ozone which is driven into the lungs by riding in an open car at a fair speed is a specific cure for insomnia and nervous troubles. Sanity and levelheadedness, together with healthy living, have come to those who have found it possible to live in the country and motor to their business places in the city and return to their homes.

To the American tourist on the continent and in the British Isles the automobile has given an intimate knowledge of the civilization, habits and condition of the people, of the art treasures in wayside village churches, of history and scenery, never possible before except to the foot traveler to whom time was no

object, and who would acquire in six months of tramping only a portion of the pleasure and information which is now secured in six weeks by the automobilist. Conversation, which largely depends upon narrative—and narrative is barren without imagination—was becoming a lost art. It was being driven out by the absorption and cares of business and the preoccupation of bridge whist. But the automobile tourists have an inexhaustible fund of recreation and education in the interchange of their experiences. The automobile has brought to the front and given both a platform and an audience to the genius who once added so much to the gayety of nations and is known as the cheerful liar.

With the same thought with which I began—speed and transportation—there is no subject more important to the farms and markets of the United States than good roads. Nothing has done so much to stimulate inquiry and activity in legislatures and local communities on this subject as the automobile. We have two million one hundred thousand miles of roads in this country, and of these only one hundred thousand are in any way improved. The rest are prac-

tically impassable several months in the year, and during the other months reduce the tonnage and increase the cost of carriage to a point which is destructive to agricultural values and prosperity, except along the lines of railroads and navigable rivers. It costs many dollars a ton a mile on a poor road and on a good one only twenty-five cents a ton, or thereabouts, to move farm products to market. Our trouble comes mainly from the fact that there is no concentration of authority in the building and the maintenance of highways. It would be difficult for the work to be done by the general government, and it is neglected sadly in the States. Massachusetts has made notable progress, and we in New York have done admirably by our fifty million bond appropriation, but the system in our State of town highway commissioners, with the small area of our towns, is fatal to the maintenance of good roads. The automobilist traveling through France is filled with admiration at the excellence and the admirable condition of its highways. There are twenty-three thousand miles of road in that country built and maintained by the government. There is an inspector for every mile, whose

duty it is to go over his section every day and repair any damage which has occurred. Every few miles constitute a district, and over that district is an engineer, who frequently investigates the work of the inspectors. He in turn reports to an engineer of a larger area, until finally the condition of all the roads and their administration come at frequent intervals into the department of the Minister of Public Works. There is under this system efficiency and economy unknown to our haphazard, wasteful and extravagant ways. We spend upon the seventy-four thousand miles of roads in the State of New York two million eight hundred thousand dollars a year to keep them in order, or almost forty dollars a mile. This vast sum is laid out without any local or general inspection or supervision, and most of it wasted. The same is true of the eighty millions of dollars a year which are spent upon the two million miles of highways in the United States. With roads which are in good order and kept so the year around there is ten dollars an acre added to the value of the farms, which would increase the farm wealth of our own State of New York nearly two hundred and eighty millions of dol-

lars. There are one hundred and fifty thousand automobile owners in our country, and everyone of them is an active agitator for the improvement of the highways. He is more than this—he is a teacher for improved systems in the government and management of country roads.

This vast industry is destined to grow in the future almost as rapidly as it has advanced in the last decade. New uses will be found for the automobile because of the constant necessity in our highly organized civilization for economy of time and economy in speed. Its enemies are the reckless chauffeurs, incompetent drivers and scorchers. They are the cause of hostile legislation; they make the village authorities vindictive, and are responsible for frequent arrests for violation of impossible regulations to limit speed. The automobilists themselves must formulate and present to the legislatures wise provisions of law. Licenses should be given only upon rigid examinations and withdrawn as a penalty for violation of the statutes.

Speedways for automobiles will become as frequent as race tracks are for horses. There the racers will not risk the lives of others or injure the machines of those

who have them only for ordinary use or pleasure. There the sports can tempt Providence and defy the laws of safety. Even these races have their uses. They test not only the power and speed, but the safety and endurance of machines of different make. They furnish suggestions for improvements which are of value to the trade. Endurance contests also have their uses. The race from Pekin to Paris was universally laughed at when first suggested. It was, however, successfully accomplished and won by Prince Borghese with his Italian car. Its historian has left a fascinating narrative of the journey. One of its results was to demonstrate that the caravan route over which the vast trade in tea and the return in manufactured products between China and Russia is transported, which now requires by camels about twenty days, can be traversed by the automobile in four. Here again speed revolutionizes with its economies one of the famous century-old transportation routes of the world. The other scheme now under preparation and soon to be launched is the race from New York to Paris across the Behring Strait, which will undoubtedly have a wonderful economic value in



demonstrating the possibilities of the motor through our own Alaska and the Canadian wilds.

The last to take up the automobile have been railroad men. They are accustomed to expect roadbed, ties, rails, wheels and the machinery of the locomotive to be perfect for twenty miles an hour and upward. The automobilist does his forty or fifty upon an ordinary highway with only a rubber tire and a pneumatic tube between him and eternity. If he picks up a nail or his steering gear gives out the morning paper tells the rest, and mourning friends lament his indiscretions. Stevenson, the great English engineer, was asked what the difference was in danger between fifty and a hundred miles an hour with the locomotive. He said, "None, because if you leave the track you will go to Hell with either." The condition with Stevenson was that you must go off the track, but with the automobilist there are numberless conditions beside the track, and therefore constant inspection of the machine, vigilance in its operation, and proved intelligence in the driver are absolutely essential.

Going over an Austrian road last summer I found

the farmers exceedingly hostile, and saw many wrecks of country wagons by the roadside. On making inquiry as to why there should be this hostility where before there had been nothing but courtesy, I found that two American parties had rushed through with their machines at over fifty miles an hour. They had left in their wake frightened horses, upset family vehicles, runaway teams, and a holocaust of geese and chickens. But they had left more—an intense and increasing local hostility to all automobile tourists.

The automobile has destroyed some old-fashioned romances. Three-fourths of the families and happy homes in the villages and countryside are due to the side-bar buggy. The old family horse takes in the situation. One hand alone holds the reins, and when in absolute trustfulness the reins are dropped upon the dashboard and both arms are free the bans are published the next Sunday and the romance happily ends in matrimony. But in these days, when the girl is often the chauffeur and intent upon the wheel, while her beau is watching the speedometer and filled with selfish fears for himself, the romance of the road is impossible. I think it is one of the causes which leads

to the complaint of the sociologist of the increase of bachelors and spinsters.

Often arrests have their humorous side. One evening my chauffeur was taking our family to the theatre. It seemed to us that he was going at an ordinary rate, but at the theatre the bicycle policeman arrested him. I had to abandon the family and the play and go with him to the police station. The police captain was very courteous, but he had to obey the law and took bail for the chauffeur's appearance at the police court in the morning. I went there with him early. The victims inside the iron fence were the unfortunates who had been picked up on the street at night, mainly from too great conviviality. As I stood opposite the chauffeur, awaiting his turn to be called, one drunkard who had seen better days wandered sympathetically over to me and said in a whisper, "Senator, I am sorry to see you in here." He thought his experience had been duplicated by me.

In Bohemia a team a hundred yards distant from us while we were going slowly down a hill turned around, broke the pole of the wagon, which was loaded with stone, and trotted off. We took on the

driver and carried him to where his horses were grazing alongside of the road. Next day a local lawyer wrote a letter to me saying that unless I paid thirty dollars for damages done to his client, a dollar and seventy-five cents for his fee, and two cents for the postage stamp he would attach the machine. I sent my guide to interview him, telling him to say to the man of the law that his fee was all right anyhow, and he settled for twenty dollars. I have been for over forty years on the railroad side of the negligence bar of the United States and never met with a case of such modesty. With the American lawyer the cow is always an Alderney, the horse a blue-blooded Morgan, the wagon made by Brewster, and the lawyer has a contract with his client for half of what he recovers.

Gentlemen, you have done wisely in organizing this club. It should have other purposes than a garage for automobiles and rooms for club life. It should be active in investigating and promoting the best interests of the industry, in looking for fields for its extension, and in suggesting wise legislation, general and local, for the safety and comfort of both the public and the automobilist.











# **SPEECHES**

OF

## **Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.**

*At the Banquet Given by the Japanese  
Society to Ambassador Takahira, of  
Japan, at the Hotel Astor, New York,  
March 10, 1908,*

*At the Annual Banquet of the Wash-  
ington Yale Alumni Association,  
March 12, 1908,*

*At the Amen Corner Upon the Closing  
of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, April 4,  
1908,*

*At the Sixteenth Annual Dinner of the  
Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in Celebra-  
tion of Senator Depew's Birthday,  
April 25, 1908.*



Compliments of  
*Chauncey M. Depew*

**At the Banquet Given by the Japanese Society  
to Ambassador Takahira, of Japan, at the  
Hotel Astor, New York, March 10, 1908.**

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I was more than ordinarily gratified by the receipt of your invitation, and by the opportunity and privilege to come on to-day from Washington and join you in this greeting and welcome to the Japanese Ambassador. He is the recipient of that rarest of compliments and appreciation from his own countrymen of his superior merits as a diplomat, and that cordial regard of the country at whose capital he had already been as Minister for several years, which lead the one to promote him to the most important place in its service and the other to welcome him as in the highest sense persona grata. During his residence as minister no member of the diplomatic corps was more welcome at the Executive Mansion and the State Department than our guest. Social Washington was always glad to receive him as one of the most agreeable and tactful of the diplomatic corps. Japan could

offer no better evidence of her sentiments of peace and good-will than she has in sending to us, now that the post has been raised from a mission to an ambassadorship, the gentleman who served her so well and made his country and himself so popular with our officialdom as he did in the minor place.

I have taken the deepest interest in Japan for over forty years. No one has watched with more interest and sympathy her marvelous growth and development. Those of us who have lived in a country village can understand how the post-office is the center of its life, especially nearly half a century ago when communication was not so easy and rapid as to-day. Both news and opinions flashed from the post-office through the whole community. I was still residing at my birthplace, the old village of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, then having a population of about two thousand, and going into the post-office one day, forty-two years ago, I saw from the unusual gathering and commotion that something had happened. The postmaster was submitting to the inspection of the crowd the only official document of commanding size and bearing the superscription of the Secretary

of State which had ever passed through his mail or ever been received in the town. It was addressed to me, and when I broke the envelope I am not sure whether or not I read it first, for the taller members of the group had the advantage over my shoulder and around my arms. It was a letter from Secretary Seward saying that I had been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Japan, and requesting me to report at the earliest possible date at Washington, receive my instructions and proceed at once to my post. I held the commission for two months, and did not go because of the precarious health of my mother.

The wonders of the Arabian Nights or the flight of the imagination of Jules Verne in his "Around the the World in Eighty Days," which a quarter of a century ago captivated the reading public who wondered that even a novelist dare stretch his imagination so far, have been surpassed by the solid realities in the improvement of communication and transportation around the world, and in the growth of Japan since the receipt of that missive by me in the Peekskill post-office forty-two years ago. Then it took six

months to reach the island empire from the United States. Now it takes less than two weeks. Then it required nearly a year for a letter to go from New York to Tokyo and its answer to return, while within a few months I sent a cable to our Ambassador at the Japanese capital and had his reply at breakfast the next morning.

But most interesting is Japan. When I was appointed Minister to that country only a few ports were open to foreigners. The government was a feudalism as marked as in Europe in the reign of Louis XI. The army was made up of the retainers of the great feudal chiefs, and they were clad in armor and their weapons were spears and bows and arrows. The navy consisted of junks on the Chinese pattern. In forty-two years Japan has progressed by leaps and bounds and accomplished in every department of civilization, industrialism and materialism as much as Europe in six centuries. From feudalism she has developed a representative government with a constitution and two houses of parliament. The country is gridironed with railroads and the cities equipped with every modern appliance of electrical invention in trans-

portation and lighting. From the hand-working of less than half a century ago she has become one of the most highly developed of industrial nations in the mechanical arts, and a dangerous competitor to every highly organized industrial country. She has based her military establishment upon German models and her navy upon English, and in the late war against a nation supposed to be invincible and with three times her population and resources, her triumphs were signal on both land and sea. She has adopted our educational system, with the common school, the high school and the university. In diplomacy, both through her foreign office and her representatives at the capitals of the world, she is proving herself equal to all that has been learned in the schools of Metternich and Talleyrand, or the franker ways practiced by the United States.

History, whether it be the record of graver or lighter matters, is too little relieved with humor. The grave historian is afraid to use it. I am sure you will pardon me if I give you a brief description which may present an agreeable sidelight upon the procedure of appointments nearly half a century ago. I was not an appli-

cant for this office of Minister to Japan, or for any office, and the appointment was a complete surprise. I knew nothing whatever about Japan, except what we had all read of Commodore Perry's expedition. When I came to Washington to present my resignation of the appointment as Minister, Secretary Seward asked me to see Mr. Burlingame. Mr. Burlingame had been our first Minister to China. He was a most fascinating and brilliant man and had impressed upon the Chinese government the necessity of their establishing relations with the western nations of Europe and with the United States. The Chinese Emperor created a large embassy to visit all the great capitals and confer with the rulers of those countries. At the head of that embassy he appointed Mr. Burlingame. Evidently Mr. Burlingame had been posted about me, for when I sent my card to him at the Willard Hotel, the answer was, "come up immediately." The great man was shaving himself American fashion, and his wardrobe was limited. With his face profusely lathered and flourishing the brush oratorically, he turned to me suddenly and said, "I am amazed, sir, amazed that you should hesitate about going as



United States Minister to Japan. It is an opportunity never before offered to so young a man for a great and wonderful career." Then he would pause for a moment while the razor took a scrape, and again applying the brush would resume, "Why, sir, all the nations of the world are seeking in this newly opened country to secure its commerce from each other, while you, with the favorable impression made by Commodore Perry, can win it for your own country across the peaceful bosom of the Pacific to the golden coast of California." "Do you think, sir," he cried, glowing with enthusiasm, waving now the brush in one hand and the razor in the other, "that you are going among a savage or a barbarous people?" "Why, sir, they had a literature which was classic when our forefathers were painted savages. Do you think, sir, you will have no society? Why, Great Britain, France, Russia and other countries send their ablest men. One night you will dine with the British Ambassador, another night with the French Ambassador, and another night with the German Ambassador. You will discuss around the table and afterward the greatest questions of diplomacy, of international rela-

tions and international law, and it will be a university of the highest order, in which you will advance beyond anything that you could hope for in any other position in the world. And, sir, the Japanese government would welcome you with a palace, with appointments such as you never dreamed of in your village or city life, and a garden that Shenstone would have envied." The attendants in that home will be perfect, and the girls the most beautiful in the world." I left the Ambassador to complete his shave, and was immediately surrounded by the horde of office-seekers who then made their headquarters at the Willard Hotel. On stating my interview, there was a grand rush to the State Department by everyone of them to secure the appointment for himself.

Well, Mr. Ambassador, we all appreciate the delicate and difficult problems which confront you. We know also that with the reciprocal good-will which is so honest and earnest between Washington and Tokyo, between Roosevelt, Root and yourself, all difficulties will be amicably and satisfactorily settled. The irritations which have arisen because of clashes upon the Pacific coast are not racial but industrial,

Every nation has its own industrial methods and problems. With us in our democracy we have an absolute equality politically and before the law and try to maintain as closely as possible an equality in comfort and living. Any competition which lowers the wages and limits the opportunities of our workers cannot be permitted. If Japan were similarly situated, her people would feel the same way and her policy would be like ours. We welcome Japanese students to our military and naval academies. We are glad to have them in our colleges and universities. We cordially greet Japanese merchants wherever they may settle with their wares, and in denying to laborers immigration and entrance into our industrial field we are acting upon a policy of self-preservation which no one understands better than our distinguished guest, and no one else can so well explain to his own countrymen our position of absolute amity and good-will. We are the nearest neighbors upon the Pacific, and while we may be rivals for markets in the Orient, it must be upon the basis, "Let the best man win." Our great Secretary of State, John Hay, announced a principle and policy which are as firmly established

with us as the Monroe Doctrine. It is the territorial integrity of China, the maintenance of her sovereignty in her own affairs, and the open door to her markets for all the world. I am sure from the recent utterances of our distinguished guest that Japan will be in accord with us in the maintenance of these positions.

We recognize fully the work and responsibilities of Japan in Korea. Her situation was much the same as ours in relation to Cuba, only more acute. It was absolutely necessary for this island empire with her progressive spirit that the nearby mainland should not be given over to barbarism of government which destroys civilization and makes a country an international nuisance and peril. It is a new practice of international law that whenever such conditions come legitimately within the province of highly organized and civilized countries, they have a duty to the world which they cannot avoid. Under the wise administration of one of the ablest and most enlightened of modern statesmen, the Marquis Ito, Korea is no longer the hermit empire without government but becomes a part of the orderly communities of the world. I believe that in this work of regeneration

Japan will accomplish what we are trying to do in Cuba and the Philippines, and that a liberal policy toward international commerce will lead to universal industrial peace as well as the development, progress and happiness of the people of Corea.

When the Isthmian Canal is completed, as it will be in six years, Japan will be incalculably the gainer. The United States and Japan will then be more than ever closely knit upon the Pacific and interested in the commerce from its shores. I hail it as the happiest omen for the peace of the world, for continuing relations of friendship between the United States and Japan, that she will have at Washington the distinguished scholar, statesman and diplomat whom we have the pleasure of welcoming here to-night



## **At the Annual Banquet of the Washington Yale Alumni Association, March 12, 1908.**

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

No pleasure has in it so much of springtime and youth for an old alumnus as a Yale dinner. When a man graduates he puts no limit upon the number of times he will revisit Alma Mater. After his fifth anniversary, when professional, business and family cares are beginning to absorb him, he thinks mainly of the decennial periods; but when he has passed the three-score-and-ten and is nearing his seventy-fifth, he ceases to be an optimist on decennials but takes advantage of every opportunity to attend a Yale gathering. I have derived enjoyment and satisfaction out of every situation in life, largely from the lessons taught in the old college. The spirit of our time was "Make the best of everything, and whatever your situation do the best you can in it and then be happy with the results."

The law has its attractions and its rewards, not only pecuniary, but of work and fun; the Legislature of

the State of New York gives experiences which enrich the busy life ; public office has its charms in the effort to gain it, the labor to adorn it, and the regret at losing it ; railroading is a profession whose intense activities and absorptions, whose contact with the growth and expansion of the country are educational, enlivening and enlarging to the man who appreciates and grasps the tremendous place which transportation holds in its relation to the development and prosperity of the country ; the Senate is altogether enjoyable. It is the finest field for the study of human nature, for contact with government, for intimate touch with the people and for exquisite enjoyment in intimate association with able and patriotic men, but I found a solid pleasure which was not possible in any of these varied relations in the activities of a member of the corporation of old Yale. My twelve years there are rich with memories almost as joyous, valuable and loving as the four years as an undergraduate. I learned there to know, to understand and to appreciate the value of that much abused official, the clerical member of the corporation. As you know, these clerical members, appointed for life,



constitute the majority of the corporation, and those who are elected from the alumni to be their associates discover that they can learn much from these clergymen. They are interested, heart, mind and soul, in the work of the university. They display unexpected ability and wisdom on the business side of the work of the corporation, and are exceedingly broad in their grasp, dissection and construction of every proposition which will broaden the foundations, increase the usefulness and extend the powers of the university. In this good work the country minister, whose salary is less even than that of a tutor, will demonstrate abilities which would commend him favorably for the presidency of a bank.

I used to love to hear President Porter talk about the meetings of the New England clergymen at his father's house and narrate the stories that he listened to in which they indulged in their moments of relaxation. Certainly material life never produced anything more original or amusing. There was a charm in the one told by an old deacon about the father of Vice-President Levi P. Morton, that he had eight children and a salary of three hundred dollars a year, but was

always most fervent in prayer. These clerical stories seemed to run somewhat in this line. I remember one of President Porter's was, as the deacons were discussing the merits of their ministers, that his clergyman supplemented the very small salary they could afford to pay him by cultivating fruit trees, which at that time were seriously affected by two injurious insects or worms. He said that after the others had described the philosophical, or doctrinal, or rhetorical, or theological, or pastoral superiority of their clergymen this old deacon quietly remarked: "Well, my minister ain't much on preaching, but he is powerful in prayer in caterpillar and circulio times."

Speaking of the Yale corporation naturally brings to us all that my successor was the Honorable William H. Taft. The heart of every Yale man beats high wherever he may be all over the world at the mention of that name. His career, his wonderful achievements as an executive officer and his unequalled charm are to-day one of the best assets of our Alma Mater. Yale men have their hearts full of Taft. The contest for President of the United States seems to be largely one of the colleges. Fairbanks is from Delaware

College, Ohio; Knox is from Mount Union College, Ohio; Hughes is from Brown University, and La Follette from the University of Wisconsin. Cannon alone demonstrates the possibilities in American life of the public schools. Now, in a battle like this, if it was upon the athletic field between the institutions I have named and Yale there could be no question as to the result. If in the accidents of politics, for my experiences and observations have taught me that in no pursuit are accidents so likely as in politics, Taft should become President of the United States, Yale would have in the greatest office in the world a son eminently worthy of all her achievements and traditions. I am not sure but the result of his administration would lead to the selection of chief magistrates hereafter from Yale. There are three hundred and fifty colleges, more or less, in the United States, and between one hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand lawyers. The ambition of every one of these lawyers is to be one of the nine justices of the Supreme Court of the United States—that tribunal which overrides Presidents and Congresses and whose interpretations of the Constitution

are the supreme law of the land. Five years ago three of these nine justices were graduates of Yale. If he had not died another would have been the fourth, and I was looking confidently to a majority of Yale men upon that bench. At our fiftieth anniversary two years ago two of them were members of my Class of '56. One is there still (Brewer), and Brown recently resigned. All the early New England colleges were organized for religious instruction, except Yale, which was founded to educate men for service to the public. It was '56 again in the person of Justice Brewer, who delivered the oration at the bi-centennial of old Yale, and so forcibly, eloquently and nobly developed this sentiment that when he closed thousands of alumni arose in applause and admiration as President Hadley shouted "Amen, and Amen, and Amen."

Yale is before the whole world this year in the selection of President Hadley as the lecturer in the University of Berlin. He has brilliantly presented in a series of remarkable lectures the industrial growth and legislation in the United States, not only to German students but to the German people. He has

impressed that most concentrated of industrial nations with the spirit, motive power, activities and purposes of the life of this industrial nation. He has displayed his scholarship in delivering these lectures to Germans in German. I take great pride in President Hadley. His father was the popular, original and distinguished professor of Greek in our time. I was one of the boys who carried a torch in the procession marching to celebrate his birth, and was most happy to be one of the corporation which voted him into the presidency of Yale University. At the bi-centennial when the procession of the representatives of the universities of all the world were passing at the reception a scholar from Sweden stopped and fired at President Hadley a speech in Latin. It was not on the program. It was wholly unexpected, but to the surprise and delight of every Yale man within hearing, President Hadley responded in an extemporaneous speech in Latin as elaborate as the address which the Swedish professor had brought from Europe, and the noble old language rolled from him as easily and perfectly as it did from Cicero in the Roman Senate.

It has always been the habit of Yale men when

candidates for office to express clearly their opinions and stand squarely upon the platform which they erect. No voter has ever any doubt as to what they will do if elected. They never belong to that large class of candidates who are as much in doubt in their own minds as to their principles and policies as is the public. In seeking to win popular applause and public favor as they change, this kind are as reliable as weather vanes. The only firm thing about them is that their flag is ever nailed to the fence. While the Yale man sat upon that classic and historic structure during his undergraduate days and loves to occupy a place there on each return to Alma Mater, in critical situations, political, religious or social, he is never found on the fence.

I wonder if a thousand years from now universities which start in our day under the patronage of multimillionaires with such phenomenal endowments will outstrip or lag behind these old institutions whose cash capital at their origin was so trifling. Five hundred pounds, sterling, and five hundred books was the beginning of old Yale. At the end of two hundred years her available endowment was only about one

quarter that of institutions who had not yet surmounted their quarter of a century, but she possessed on that anniversary the priceless legacy of two centuries of contribution to the highest statesmanship, the deepest research, the most inspiring spirituality and the most valuable work in every department of human endeavor. During all these years her sons had contributed to the upbuilding of the constitutions and educational systems and civilization of every State in the Union. The inspiration of her glorious story of two hundred years is a liberal education in itself to all who now enjoy or will hereafter participate in the blessings she confers.

Professor Morris, here to-night to represent the faculty of Yale, appeals to us in an eloquent and illuminating way to give particular attention to the post-graduate work of the university. Every alumnus lauds his class, and has plenty of material to justify his praise. But the Class of '56 has a unique claim on this post-graduate course, and will hold a remarkable position in the history of classes. The department for which Professor Morris makes his appeal originated with the Class of '56. One of our members

joined us when he was forty. His lines in earning a living had been hard, and he could not before that period secure the financial independence to enable him to complete his preparatory course and go to college. When he graduated at forty-four he had lost that confidence in himself which every student who receives his diploma at the normal age possesses, and his unquestioning belief that he is ready to fight and will surely conquer the world. Our matured classmate was timid and doubtful. He remained for years a post-graduate student and the only one in the college. He left his post-graduate course at fifty, having exhausted all that the faculty could do for him, and, still doubtful, entered upon his career. He started too late. He could not keep up in the race with younger and more vigorous competitors. He did excellent work in his chosen career, but before sixty was exhausted and died. Still he is the founder of the post-graduate school at Yale, and I believe when he left there were three other young men, inspired by his example, who were taking this advanced education for the special work to which they intended to devote their lives. I heartily concur in



all that Professor Morris has said in regard to the admirable work and the great merit of the post-graduate department of the university.

In this presence to-night of Taft, Brewer and Metcalf, in these recollections of our student days and subsequent connection with old Yale, in this appreciation of our President and the position he gives our university in Germany, we can all join in the sentiment of that song we heard shouted by thousands at our bi-centennial as they slapped their breasts in unison at the last line :

“Show me the Scotchman who doesn’t love the  
thistle,  
Show me the Englishman who doesn’t love the  
rose,  
Show me the true-hearted son of old Eli who doesn’t  
love the spot where the elm tree grows.”



## **At the Amen Corner upon the Closing of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, April 4, 1908**

The Amen Corner consisted of two sofas at the end of the broad corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, upon which statesmen, soldiers, politicians and reporters had sat and gossiped for half a century.

MY FRIENDS :

We all feel sad at the destruction of this ancient land mark. It has no great antiquity compared with old world castles with centuries of traditions, but within its walls has been made as much of American history as in any other comparatively modern structure in the United States. It is not distinguished for any one event, but a series, running through half a century. It was opened when all above Twenty-third Street was still largely farming lands and goat pastures. Now the same territory is occupied by the residences of more than two millions of people. This hotel early attracted the men who do things in public life. During the Civil War, in this corridor met and upon this Amen Corner bench sat those generals and admirals who are the inspiration of our Army and Navy. I have been a frequent visitor

here for more than forty years. I have met here Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and other officers of the Army and Navy, Presidents Garfield, Harrison and McKinley, also Blaine and John Sherman and Senators, Congressmen, Governors and party leaders, who found rest, comfortable hospitality and congenial companionship in this old hotel. This plush-covered bench was happily so located that those sitting upon it commanded a view of the passing throng always surging through these wide corridors. There has been no time in forty-five years when a guest or visitor could not from here meet people worth meeting and see celebrities worth seeing. This hotel became early the headquarters of the Republican party. During the leadership of Conkling and while President Arthur and Governor Cornell were chairmen of the State Committees, here were the activities of the party, and upon this bench statesmen who were interested in the politics of New York from all over the country gathered for news, advice and assistance. During the quarter of a century of the leadership of Senator Thomas C. Platt more men in the State and Nation who amounted to much consulted with

him in this corner than in any other place. Here were made Governors, State Senators and Assemblymen, Supreme Court Judges, Judges of the Court of Appeals and Members of Congress. Governors thought the capital was at Albany, but really took their inspiration and the suggestions for their policies from the Amen Corner. State Conventions would meet at Rochester, Syracuse or Saratoga, but the eight hundred members would wait before acting to know what had been decided upon in the Amen Corner. Chairmen of the State Committees would sit here looking wise and conveying the impression to the newspaper men who surrounded them that they possessed knowledge of party nominations and party platforms that were to be, but their wise looks were a mask to conceal opinions which they did not possess until they had heard from the Easy Boss whom we welcome—our friend, everybody's friend, Senator Platt.

Memory goes back to the time when Chester A. Arthur was Chairman of the State Committee. He was a most genial and delightful gentleman and became one of the most attractive of the Presidents of

United States. He was Senator Conkling's closest adviser and his representative in the practical management of party affairs. After him Governor A. B. Cornell assumed the position. He was the reverse of Arthur. The one was a man of rare social graces, and the other a cold, self-contained and masterful manager. He went from the Amen Corner to the Executive Mansion at Albany, and after an interval in succession the chair was occupied by Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., and he too, after exhibiting all the best qualities of a political organizer, went from the Amen Corner to be Governor of the State of New York. With the accession of Lieutenant Governor Woodruff to the chairmanship, the State Committee secured a home in a house by itself. Some time before this Senator Platt had moved from this hotel which had been his permanent residence for nearly a quarter of a century. The traditions of this historic corner will owe their preservation to the formation of an association of newspaper men organized by Mr. Edward G. Riggs, Mr. Charles P. Norcross, Mr. Louis Siebold and other newspaper men and which is destined to live and thrive like the Gridiron Club at Washington as

long as journalists are original, witty, audacious and enterprising and have at their command the best talent in literature and art and statesmen of the highest positions in the National Government and in the State, and that will be as long as time endures.

Senator Conkling was accustomed to come here before each campaign and arrange with Arthur or Cornell for the ticket and the platform of the State Convention, and after the convention to advise in regard to the conduct of the canvass on the stump. He was one of the most powerful of platform orators, but when the financial question, caused by the resumption of specie payments, became an issue he had to study problems to which he had never given attention. That issue took from the stump nearly all of our old time orators. Arthur loaded the Senator with literature, and after a few weeks, I remember, the Senator returned and threw the pamphlets, documents and volumes angrily upon the table and said, "I will discuss old matters, and not take up an intricate question like this which the people will never understand."

When Garfield was nominated for President in

1880, defeating the third term effort for General Grant, Arthur was made Vice President. Though Vice President, he still continued to conduct the campaign from this hotel, and this corner, as Chairman of the State Committee. Senator Conkling was so angry that for some weeks he refused to take any part in the canvass. His support was necessary to carry the State of New York. He was angry at Arthur for taking the Vice Presidency. Arthur finally secured what he thought was consent from Conkling to meet General Garfield here. Garfield came on. This corridor was crowded as it is to-day. Upon the stairs yonder and on this Amen Corner bench the people were standing, and as Garfield, who was a magnificent looking specimen of humanity, entered the door he was received with rousing cheers. Then everybody remained expectant for the interview which was to bring these antagonists into friendly relations, but Mr. Conkling, for some reason never explained, left the hotel by another way as Garfield came in at the front. Though the Senator ultimately took the stump and did brave work, the two men continued estranged. After the election of Garfield came the quarrel with



Conkling over New York patronage and his resignation from the Senate. In the heat and passions of the controversy between these antagonists the pistol of Guiteau assassinated the President. Who can tell if that tragedy did not begin in the dramatic scene witnessed from this Amen Corner.

I remember when Blaine came here, while the Republican candidate for President, to receive the address of a thousand Protestant ministers. The spokesman for the clergymen was the Reverend Doctor Burchard. He had a favorite phrase which he had used in many a sermon. It was linking together Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. The alliteration and his antagonisms made the sentence his choicest expression. That speech defeated Mr. Blaine. The Catholics naturally resented that Mr. Blaine did not repudiate it on the spot. The next day I went with Mr. Blaine in his stumping tour through New England. As we rode through the streets of the New England towns our carriage was littered with dodgers, having this phrase upon it, thrown from the house tops, and the air was white as if we were in a succession of snow storms. Mr. Blaine said to me

that he had been detained in his room upstairs until he was notified that the clergymen were in the corridor. He had prepared no speech. He said he did not hear a word Dr. Burchard said, but was only anxious for the clergyman to continue until he could gather his thoughts for a proper answer. His speech was a reply not to what he heard but to what he thought Dr. Burchard would necessarily say. It was not until night, when the newspaper men gathered about him, and the politicians came in frightened, that he became aware of the blunder, and no one appreciated better than Mr. Blaine that it was then too late to remedy the misfortune.

I remember also Mr. Cleveland while President was reviewing from the balcony of this hotel a procession coming up Fifth Avenue, commemorating some famous event. Near him was the beautiful woman who soon after became his wife. It was rumored in the press that morning that the engagement had taken place and would soon be announced. Each of the bands were under instructions as they passed in review to play the National Anthem, but the Seventh Regiment band, at that time one of the best in

the United States, were suddenly inspired and as they came in front of the President and his future bride they played the air, which was then in all the music halls and all the hand organs and upon every piano in the country, "He is going to marry Yum Yum. He is going to marry Yum Yum."

But, Gentlemen, a volume could be filled with the reminiscences of this old spot. Stories could be told endlessly of Grant, Blaine, Conkling and Arthur as each of them sat with his friends upon this old sofa in this old Amen Corner. It received this name because when Senator Platt, during his long leadership, after a conference with party leaders from all over the State, would announce the conclusion at which he had arrived as to nominations, policies and platforms, there never was any dissent, but the waiting magnates sitting upon this sofa would all say "Amen." What Fraunce's Tavern with its one incident of the farewell of Washington to his officers is to a historic event in the Revolution, this old hotel and its Amen Corner is to the long succession of Presidents and Governors who here made history for nearly half a century. It is unfortunate that in the

growth of the city this mecca becomes too valuable to be preserved. I think if I had a millionth part of the fortune which was ascribed to me in a recent speech by an eloquent Senator in the United States Senate, I would devote part of the income of it to keeping this hotel forever in memory of the Amen Corner.

**At the Sixteenth Annual Dinner of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in Celebration of Senator Depew's Birthday, on Saturday, April 25, 1908.**

MY FRIENDS:

We mark to-night the sixteenth annual greeting which has been extended to me on my birthday by the members of this club. Histories have been written of the events which have occurred during that period, and most important history has been made all over the world. The first sixteen years of life is a formative period, when muscles and brawn are strengthened for after wear and tear, and the mind is developing careers in dreamland, and ideals are vague. The next sixteen are devoted to making a proper start, and having placed our feet on the bottom rung of the ladder to demonstrate how far and how quickly we can climb. The next sixteen, if we have made a mistake, and found, as Lincoln expressed it, that we are square pegs trying to get into round holes, we go back and try it all over again, having lost everything but

experience. The rest of life we are making provision for old age, and securing our proper place with our professions, our business, our church and our party.

The good Lord in giving me health, and partial friends, by granting to me at seventy-four their healthy, hospitable and inspiring welcome, have made this for me the happiest of days. If a man has not got somewhere between sixty and seventy-four he is likely to remain nowhere the rest of his life. In fact he is not likely to reach seventy-four. By getting somewhere I do not mean that everybody must be a President or Vice-President of the United States, a Governor, a United States Senator, Ambassador, a judge or a millionaire, but that everybody should during that period reach the restfulness and peace that come from comfortable independence and vigorous health.

I knew a man in college who entered at forty and graduated at forty-four. His long preparation had made him so distrustful of himself that he stayed four years longer in a post-graduate course. He began real life at fifty and died at fifty-five, because he took

up the pace too late, and the brain cells and blood corpuscles which should have been trained and at work in the early twenties had lost their elasticity. One of the dangers of our too great advancement in higher education is that it launches the boy upon his career too late in life.

A widow said to me the other day that she had rejected an offer of marriage from a railroad president, a United States Senator, a State Governor and a Representative in Congress. She put the railroad president first, evidently because the possibilities of the luxuries of a large income, of its social distinction if lavishly used, of unlimited orders to the great dress-makers of Paris and the jewelers of London and New York, presented to her far greater attractions than could be had from the mere honor of being the wife of a Senator, a Governor or a Congressman.

Shakespeare divided life into seven stages. First the infant, then the schoolboy, then the lover, then the soldier, then the judge, and then in the sixth age comes the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

“His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble.”

The seventh and last scene of all, according to Shakespeare, is

“Second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

These conditions no longer exist. In all our experience we rarely meet many old men of “lean and slipper’d pantaloons.” Now they have “bay windows.” Shakespeare died at fifty, which was then considered old. We know plenty of vigorous and hearty men between seventy and ninety, but not one of them who is in his “second childishness,” without teeth, or eyes, or taste, or anything. The dental art has so far progressed that good teeth are the common property of old age. In Shakespeare’s time men were played out and senile at fifty because of their methods of living. Modern healthy ways of diet, cleanliness and hygiene were unknown. Baths were supposed to produce colds and influenza, water was regarded as necessary only for navigation and irrigation and the pleasures of life were summed up in the ability to consume unlimited quantities of beef, beer and wine. Sanitation, so highly developed in our day, did not exist. There was plenty of godli-



ness, but little of the cleanliness which ought to rank next. Hence people between forty and fifty had worn-out stomachs, palsied muscles and shattered nerves. With our modern method of preserving health, it is the rarest thing now to meet Shakespeare's kind of old men. The Senate illustrates the preservation of vigor by the habits of to-day. Alabama's two great senators, one at eighty-six and the other at eighty-four, Morgan and Pettus, who died last session, were to the end famous for physical and intellectual energy. There are three senators of eighty who are heads of great committees and surpass all the youngsters in the amount and value of the work which they do. They have passed the spectacular period. They do not believe that all of legislation is criticism and denunciation which by their sensationalism give the orator standing room next to editorial matter in the press and large audiences from the platform, but they give their unequaled experience, their maturity of years and their ripe judgment to constructive policies which will permanently promote the best interests of the people and the stability of the Government.

Years make history. In 1858 I was a delegate to

the Republican State convention which nominated Edwin D. Morgan for Governor of New York. At the Republican State convention held on the eleventh of this month I was again a delegate—1858—1908—fifty years. I have been a member of most of the conventions during that period. That marvelous half-century covers the most important years of our history. The men of note I have met at home and abroad and the story of their distinction would fill a volume. To have lived in full political activity from the first year of President Buchanan to the fourth of Roosevelt's second term has been an inestimable privilege.

When a man passes seventy no question interests him so much as the secrets of longevity, and when he passes eighty the subject is still more absorbing. I sat opposite Chevreul at the dinner given to him by the Government of France on his hundredth birthday, and asked him to what he ascribed his great age. He said to the fact that since he was eighteen he had a salary from the Government which, though small, was sufficient for his simple needs, and therefore he never worried; that he had been a light eater and never touched wine or tobacco. I said, "Then what do you

drink?" He answered, "The waters of the Seine." That river is notoriously more charged with poisonous bacteria and typhoid germs than any other stream in the world. Yet there was living in Paris at that time a soldier of the Napoleonic wars earning a precarious livelihood as a messenger who was three years older than Chevreul. He was killed the next year by tumbling down-stairs when he was drunk, having gone to bed in that condition for half a century. The proper inference from this is that if he had lived like Chevreul he might have passed his two hundredth birthday. I notice when the newspapers speak of people giving up beef because of the rising price, there is universal ridicule. I date my freedom from almost chronic rheumatism to the day when I stopped eating beef; and sleep, digestion and clarified vision such as I had never known before have kept increasing as I diminished flesh and fowl for vegetables. With nine-tenths of the world the greatest happiness in life is the table piled with the things one loves to eat and drink, and the pleasures of a gorge. But for that, from my experience, the hospital and the grave-yard would be largely out of business.

It is singular how one's early environment and opportunities follow him through life. I think I can tell, after a brief acquaintanceship, whether a man was educated at Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Columbia. Alma Mater puts her impress upon him and stamps him for life.

Henry Clay was the most brilliant, fascinating and popular orator of his time, and yet no one reads his speeches. He did his work so easily that he gave little attention to the perfection of its form. Daniel Webster, on the other hand, prepared his speeches with as much care as Demosthenes or Cicero, with the result that the grace and rhythm of his literary style have made his addresses the commonplace of the school books, the favorite on the stage of the academy on commencement day and the necessary equipment of every library. Lincoln spent much time and most critical care improving the style of his speeches, based on frequent readings of the Bible and Shakespeare, and hence we have those immortal efforts, the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Speech. Without invading the political field, not only Americans but English-speaking peoples everywhere are greatly in-

terested in the most frequent and voluminous speaker of our time, Mr. Bryan. The old rule of political success was silence, caution and to look wiser than any man ever was; but McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Bryan have set a new fashion. It is the general opinion of politicians that if Mr. Bryan had stayed in Europe, or upon returning home had not entered so many fields and launched so many fresh policies, his chances for the presidency would have been better. In discussing his early training with a college classmate of his, I think I discovered the secret and a demonstration of my proposition that no man escapes from his environment and Alma Mater stamps him forever. This classmate said in their college days many western colleges had intercollegiate debates, and then the best debaters would be selected for still further debates, and Mr. Bryan became easily the most formidable of these young contestants. Assigned by the committees first to one side and then to the other, he was famous for winning prizes. Here you see was the growth of a resistless propensity to exploit and to defend with ability and courage new propositions every day.

These annual occurrences of a semi-public character are necessarily both reminiscent and discursive. It is impossible not to note the tendencies of the times. There is no better position in the world for this than Washington and a seat in Congress. I am constantly in receipt of letters protesting against unlimited debate in the Senate. Happily that body has so few members that this method is possible without detriment to the public service. We have seen recently that in the House of Representatives, with its three hundred and ninety-six members, the minority by obstructive methods could stop all legislation even the appropriation bills. Unlimited debate in the Senate accomplishes several objects. Mooted questions are so thoroughly threshed out that heat and passion disappear and reason and logic take their place before the ultimate decision is reached. Occasionally, toward the end of the session, there may be talking against time to defeat some pending measure and it may succeed, but so far as my observation and experience go no harm whatever has come to the country from this free discussion. On the contrary, it has been of inestimable value in informing the people of the questions

at issue, in arousing or ascertaining public sentiment and in perfecting the many measures which are rushed through the Lower House without consideration because the member has ever before him the fact that next fall he must again meet his fate at the polls.

We have an interesting exhibit in Russia of the beginning of representative government. We can see contemporaneously what happened with our ancestors in the slow processes of parliamentary liberty a thousand years ago. The time comes when the autocratic throne can no longer resist the rising tide of popular discontent, and a restricted representative body is granted confining the electoral privilege to large land proprietors and reserving the right to the sovereign to dictate to the congress, so elected, the measures it shall consider and the absolute right to veto anything it may pass. The same process began in England with our ancestors until they won Magna Charta from one king and beheaded another, and in the evolution of popular suffrage, all power in Great Britain is now lodged in Parliament, and with us with the Executive, the Congress and the Courts. The fathers believed that it was essential to

the preservation of our liberties that these branches should remain independent within their several spheres without encroachment of the one upon the other, and that government by the people should be a representative government. A very rapid change has occurred within the last six years. There has been unprecedented growth of executive power on the one hand and of the exercise of legislative functions by the people on the other, which have discredited and crippled the legislative branch, both in the Nation and the States. In England the tendency has been to gradually concentrate all authority in parliament and to make the King a mere figure-head, and it has become the policy of one of the present dominant parties to confine that imperial and autocratic power to one house. With us the President and the Governors dictate as never before to the Congress and the legislatures the measures which they shall pass, and exercise the veto with a frequency unknown in our political history. The veto is the exercise of the individual judgment of the executive against the collective wisdom of both houses; and yet so powerful is the executive and so great is the popular distrust of the



legislature that a veto is rarely over-ridden. It should be used rarely and with great care and only in an emergency involving a principle. The practice, however, is to use it whenever the judgment of the Executive is against that of the Senators and members of the lower houses of the legislatures. As exhibiting the sharpness of the contrast in the evolution of the old country and the new, a single veto of an act of parliament by the king would lead to his dethronement. We have noticed also in the railroad legislation in the Southern States that the fiat of the governors was implicitly obeyed, and that the legislatures became mere ratification meetings to make valid their suggestions under the forms of their constitutions. I believe that much of this executive activity has worked well. The one man, whose time and mind is wholly given to the public service, and who by his position has the broadest view and the most receptive opportunities, has brought about many needed reforms and progressive measures which would not have been done by the legislative initiative alone.

The initiative or referendum and direct nominations by the primary abolish practically the fundamental

principle of our institutions, which is representative government. While they have not been universally tried, yet the experiment has gone far enough in some states to illustrate its work. The New England town meeting was ideal government; but it was the gathering of neighbors, limited in number and in territory, intelligent as to their local needs, and knowing each other and throwing the responsibility upon each individual by an open and viva voce vote. The fathers believed that in the crowded communities which they saw must come with increasing populations in the government of States and of the country this power must be delegated to representatives chosen by the electors to act for them. I have made diligent inquiry among the Senators and Congressmen from the States where all these experiments are being tried. The initiative permits eight per cent. of the people to propose a bill, and a majority of those who vote can adopt it. From the lack of general public interest which we all know exists, except in exciting contests, the result is that a small minority can inflict upon the State recurring creations of the cranks who are always urging experimental and untried suggestions in gov-

ernment. Can the million, six hundred thousand voters of this state prepare and perfect a law with as much care as it can be done by two houses of the legislature and the Governor selected for that purpose? In practical legislation important measures are first referred to a committee which has that special subject in charge. There it is subject to hearings pro and con by its advocates and opponents. Then the committee gives days and sometimes weeks of their time to its perfection before it is reported. Then it passes through the ordeal of discussion in the two houses with the opportunity for constituencies to be informed and to inform their representatives, and finally it is subject to the review of the President or the Governor and their official advisers. To say that the same results could be accomplished by millions of voters who are absorbed in their several occupations and labors, and who cannot meet for general discussion and comparison of views and have no committees for perfection of details, and that they can act more wisely than the representatives whom they have chosen to the upper and lower houses and the executive, is a patent absurdity. The primary

laws as far as they have gone in our State have worked well, and especially in large communities are an improvement upon the old caucus system. We still preserve the representative idea by electing through these primaries selected men to act as delegates to the conventions which shall nominate local and State officers. Some States, however, have adopted direct nomination by the people and the abolition of the convention practice. Senators and Representatives from these States tell me that no poor man can run for office. Other things being equal as to character and reputation, the man with the most money wins. It is a proof of that with which we are all familiar, the resistless power of organization, and organization is expensive. As every voter cannot go on the party ticket, these laws usually provide that a candidate to get his name on the official ballot for the primary must file a petition signed by at least five per cent. of the voters. In some States it is more. In New York City, with its six hundred and fifty thousand votes a candidate for Mayor would require for his petition thirty-two thousand five hundred signatures. Even at ten cents apiece, which

would be a very low estimate, this would cost three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. But for a Governor or State officer for New York State, the cost of the petition would be eight thousand dollars. If several candidates secure a requisite number, then comes a most expensive canvass preliminary to the primary vote. The newspapers are filled with the advertisements and communications of the candidates, and their literature and lithographs must be prepared, printed and circulated. They tell me that even for members of the legislature and county officers, these preliminary expenses are far in excess of any salaries or fees which can be hoped for. United States Senators have told me where they had no opposition, and therefore there was no contest or interest, that it took about two years of their salary for the necessary expenses of the primary election. One gentleman said that in the heated contest which he had against a large field, his petition, his appeals through the press, his literature, his public meetings and his carriages for the infirm voters, cost him in one city twelve thousand dollars. I said, "How much for the whole State?" "Well," he said, "at the same rate it would

have been two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." But he did not say how much it was. The work which is now taken care of by party organizations must be performed by each candidate. He must create his organization in every election district in his county or senatorial or congressional district or in the whole State. There are in the State of New York four thousand nine hundred and eighty election districts. The confessions of all these gentlemen to me are that the necessary and legitimate expense of the primary contest make candidacy impossible except for men of large means. The successful candidate faces three large and inevitable expenses—his petition, his primary vote and then the general election.

In a recent contest for Congressman from New York the successful candidate was an independent who, under our election laws, had to secure a petition by a certain number of voters as against the regular party candidates. His petition, with the affidavit and verification of the names, cost him fifty cents for each name. At that rate the cost of the petition alone in New York City would be about sixteen thousand

dollars, while for a State office it would be about forty thousand dollars.

The cost of manning the polls and other expenses in each election district in the State is conservatively estimated at thirty dollars, or, for five thousand districts, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This money is raised now by the State, county, assembly district, town and county committees and associations and the candidates and their friends. For a nomination by the primary there can be no party organization because if there is a fair chance of election there are many candidates. Therefore each candidate must create his individual organization everywhere to man the polls, canvass the voters, present his claims and persuade them to go to the polls in his behalf. It is easy to see that a militant, experienced and determined man with the money to create the most perfect organization is certain to succeed. I know that many years ago a candidate in our State, finding his party machinery disorganized, organized the State by election districts and was elected Governor. It cost him and his friends in excess of four hundred thousand dollars. We have been legislating against corrupt practices

in every possible way to prevent the expenditure of money in elections, but if I am correctly informed this primary process necessitates legitimate expenditures by the candidates never dreamed of before. It is a question what will be the effect upon the public service when the cost to the candidate is so much in excess of his compensation. We must remember also that after all this expense a successful candidate has only carried his own primaries for a nomination. Then he must go through by his own initiative the processes for his election which are now carried on by party organizations. These representatives also say that this practice enormously helps the minority party. If there is no hope of election, it is difficult to find a man in the minority party who will assume the expense of the petition and other outlays for the primary; so that while there are many contestants with the majority party, the minority has only one candidate. When the election comes, the bitter contest among the majority candidates, who have all been fighting and abusing each other in the press and before the people, leads to the concentration of the defeated and their friends against the man who succeeds at the primary



which often results in a strong Republican or Democratic district going the other way at election. Under this system there are no town, or district or county or State committees and party organization no longer exists, and this also, so my informants from the States having direct primaries say, aids the minority. I do not believe, and that is their view, that parties can live or carry on campaigns for their principles and policies without organization.

The successful trial of more than a hundred years of representative government has demonstrated the wisdom of the fathers of our Republic.

When at Athens, some years ago, I understood for the first time how Demosthenes and those old Grecian orators captured the election at a time when the people themselves were the representative assembly. The orator stood upon a platform, behind him being a high rock which acted as a sounding-board, and in front the broad plateau upon which the voters stood. The population of Athens was so small that every voter could easily come within the sound of the orator's voice. The atmosphere is so clear there, and has such remarkable carrying power, that the orator had

no difficulty in being heard. I tested it myself by sending my clear tenor voice over the space at some workmen who were mending the road beyond the plateau. I shouted out to them Paul's address on Mars Hill—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." I do not know what they understood, but with their picks and shovels they started for me and I beat a hasty retreat.

Well, gentlemen, I have thought that this hour could not be better improved than by giving you these results of investigation among representatives at Washington upon the practical workings in their States of the change from representative and delegated authority to legislation by the whole mass. In considering such matters we must not be misled by calling every change and every experiment a trust in the people. Railroads and other corporations, and labor unions, are governed by the representative system, and so in politics, through various gradations of conventions of selected delegates and of legislators, we express the popular will. If it is wrongly expressed, our frequent elections and universal suffrage provide a perfect remedy.

I am sure you will rejoice with me in a new and unexpected distinction recently conferred. There is no greater happiness than to join with friends in joy over their prosperity. Senator LaFollette, the brilliant and somewhat imaginative Senator from Wisconsin, enlivened and illuminated his three-day speech in the Senate by charging that the productive wealth of this country was either owned or controlled by ninety-seven men. He not only included me in the list but had my name printed in the Record in brevier type, while Morgan and Rockefeller, and Senator Guggenheim and the rest were mingled with the lot in the usual lettering of the official publication of Congress. I came over to New York that afternoon with a sensation such as I had never felt before. It seemed, coming from such authority, that the assertion must be true. The industries as we passed them, the skyscrapers as we came near the city, the railroads, the ferry boats, the subways, the elevated and the trolleys all seemed to pay deference to the owner or controller of one ninety-seventh of their value. It is a marvelous thing to be one of ninety-seven who own or control one hundred thousand millions of property.

Part of the system for the management of this vast structure are the allied banks. I had a note coming due in one of them and was astounded by a notice that this recreant member of the system declined to extend it. I showed the president the morning papers with this announcement of my wealth and power, and wanted to know how one of my creatures could treat me that way; but that cruel, hard-hearted and rebellious financial tyrant said, "Nothing goes in this bank, except collaterals which are salable on the stock exchange, and have a market value of thirty-three per cent. higher than the loan." I am happy to say that with the aid of a friend I arranged the loan in one of the trust companies of the system, and my head resumed its normal size. This illustrates that conditions are not so much material as mental, and happiness depends largely on your point of view. That reminds me of a little incident which happened while I was motoring through Europe, last summer. I had a guide of the class, frequent over there, who talk perfect English about the things connected with their business but cannot understand the language outside of that. We noticed everywhere

large flocks of geese attended usually by a shepherd and his dog. At the same time we were rolling past highly cultivated farms and richly bearing orchards. I said to the guide, "What do these people do with so many geese?" I do not know what he understood, but his answer was, "They milk them, and it makes mighty good cider."

I saw in the paper a few days ago a pessimistic speech by a distinguished statesman. In it he lamented the tendency of the times toward a general destruction of constitutional protection to life, liberty and property. I have noticed that this is the tendency of old age. With rare exceptions it is always pessimistic. One of my great grandfathers, who had been a State Senator and a judge during the early years of the century and was a staunch Federalist, passed his declining years—and he lived to a great age—during Jefferson's administration. His occupations were nursing his gout and writing letters to his children lamenting the future, which, happily, he would not live to see but during which they would suffer. Like all Federalists, he believed Jefferson to be an atheist and a French revolutionist and a

genuine disciple of Rousseau. In his letters he says, "The worship of God and reverence for sacred things will disappear in our country, mob rule will take the place of law, and life and liberty will be no longer safe." A hundred years have passed since the last of the old gentleman's letters. His descendants are living in a country possessing more liberty, more general comfort, more rights for the individual with manhood suffrage and more of everything which makes life worth the living than he ever dreamed possible.

I recently read a cable account of one of those brilliant and illuminating speeches for which the English statesman, Lord Rosebery, is famous. In it he looked to a dissolution of the old parties and their going into one, the partisans laying aside for a time their party principles, protection, or free trade, or prohibition, or license, or imperialism, or home rule to combat a socialism which threatened vested rights, property interests and individual liberties. The fundamental ground of his fear was that in a few years England might have but one governing body, the House of Commons, and that would yield to the

passions of the hour and that passion would be socialistic. We have not the shadow of that fear. The Federal Government, with its three independent branches, executive, legislative and judicial, our written constitution, with that august tribunal, the Supreme Court, holding the other two branches and the States to its letter and its spirit, and the universal satisfaction that exists because of these conditions give to our institutions a stability in which there is not a crack nor a seam.

So, gentlemen, whether we reckon the coming year from to-night or from our several birthdays, we can remain happy in the belief that while the country will be better off by the success of the party to which we belong and the candidates who represent it, and the growth of the church in which we have faith, nevertheless we can be happy, prosperous and contented whichever way the great American electorate may choose to be governed.













Memorial Address on the late Senator William J. Sewell, of New Jersey, in the Senate, December 17, 1902.

Memorial Address on the late Senator James McMillan, of Michigan, in the Senate, January 30, 1903.

Address in the Senate, January 31, 1903, on the acceptance by Congress of the Statues of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Hanson, presented by the State of Maryland to represent that State in Statuary Hall in the Capitol.—Subject: The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Memorial Address on the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, in the Senate, February 14, 1903.

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SPEECHES

OF

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,

OF NEW YORK,

IN THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

December 17, 1902, January 30 and 31, and February 14, 1903.

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WASHINGTON.

1903.



SPEECHES  
OF  
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW  
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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*December 17, 1902.*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LATE SENATOR WILLIAM J. SEWELL.

MR. KEAN. Mr. President, in pursuance of the notice heretofore given, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Senator from New Jersey submits resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That it is with deep regret and profound sorrow that the Senate hears the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM J. SEWELL, late a Senator from the State of New Jersey.

*Resolved*, That the Senate extends to his family and to the people of the State of New Jersey sincere condolence in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary transmit to the family of the deceased and to the Governor of the State of New Jersey a copy of these resolutions, with the action of the Senate thereon.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

*Resolved*, That, as an additional mark of respect, at the conclusion of these exercises the Senate do adjourn.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MR. DEPEW. Mr. President, it was my privilege to know Senator WILLIAM J. SEWELL for more than a quarter of a century. He and I, during the whole of that period, were in the same profession. It brought us close together in the intimacy of antagonisms between our railroads and of friendships in our vocation. Our acquaintance and our intercourse ripened into the warmest friendship, and the more years I knew him the more I appreciated the qualities of mind and of heart which enabled him to accomplish the career which we celebrate here to-day.

I know of no example at this particular period which is so rich in encouragement as that of Senator SEWELL. Extremes always

go together, and we are just now, more than at any other time, at the extremes of optimism and pessimism. There never was a period in our history when for an American there was so much to be proud of, to be hopeful for, and to inspire ambition, as now. And there never has been a time when from the professor's chair to the pulpit, from the pulpit to the press, from the press to the platform, and from every public source, there were so many and such vigorous expressions in regard to the failure of our institutions for the present and future to permit the development of the individual. There is the universal cry everywhere that the combinations which are forming from the natural tendencies of our age, both of capital on the one side and of labor on the other, are every day wiping out the unit and recognizing only the mass.

It is the glory of our country that it has been builded upon the individual; that under our institutions, differing from all others of all other lands and of all times, it makes no difference what may be the start that the boy has in life, if he has in him the making of a career, our circumstances, conditions, environments and institutions enable him to carry it to the limit of his capacity. But we are told that this element in our institutions has been negated by the character of our industrial and financial development; that it is the corporation, it is the great organization of the trust, it is the mighty combination of labor which have wiped out the foundations upon which we have builded and everything which is the hope for the future of the Republic of the United States. So says the lecturer, the professor, the theorist, the agitator, and the demagogue.

Now, we have in the career of our friend the best answer to just that question. He arrived in this country from Ireland and started handicapped, as our American-born youth are not. All the great successes in our financial, industrial, and public life have been made by those who started with nothing, with no equipment except brains, character, industry and ambition. But they were American citizens with all that means. But here was a foreign-born lad with none of those influences of family to which he could go for advice and encouragement, and none of those influences of environment of the village or the hamlet or the neighborhood which would be proud of him and push him forward. Notwithstanding that, you have heard here in these vari-



ous eulogies what he accomplished, and still did not live to the full period allotted to man.

He began as a poor boy without a penny and accumulated a fortune. He started in public life simply as a worker in the ranks of his party and reached the highest position that this country can give to one born upon a foreign soil. A member of the senate of his State, elected the president of its senate by his associates, after he had been there two terms and he was entering upon his third he was elected to the United States Senate and chosen for three successive terms. Beginning as a soldier in the humblest position as an officer, he rose by gallantry to be a brigadier-general, and was then brevetted a major-general for gallantry in the field. Commencing in the humblest capacity in the railway in which he worked for nearly forty years, he became the president of all its lines in the State in which he resided.

Now, there is another characteristic of his life which is a refutation of these pessimistic views. He began his career in the corporation, in which, if we believe the theorist, the individual is eliminated, and all private views, private character, private ambitions, and private ability are reduced to the general mass. And yet it was in that occupation, of the whole of his active life, in the service of one of the greatest corporations in this country that he achieved in finance a success, in public life a success, in his profession a success, as a soldier a success, in any one of which any man would have been said by his neighbors and his family to have accomplished an honorable and distinguished career.

If I may be permitted a suggestion, as the trend of discussion here has been principally upon what he achieved, I think that his success was due to his directness and courage. The courage which he displayed upon the battlefield was the courage shown by millions of his fellow-citizens who served under the one flag or the other during the civil war. But he had a higher quality than mere physical courage, which is admirable, but with which our race is gifted. He had a moral courage, and to that he owed the major part of his success.

During the period when he was most active in politics, when he was most ambitious for popular favor, there prevailed through this country that singular craze and prejudice which thought that the million of men engaged in the profession of railroading

were unworthy of public confidence and were dangerous to nominate for public office. There were times when this rose so high that, while both parties wished the services of the railway man after the nominations were made, neither party dared nominate a man upon the pay roll of a railroad company for a village, a county, a State, or a national office.

Many who had ambitions at that period sought to gratify them by denying the profession in which they were engaged or minimizing it; but Senator SEWELL always remembered that he was one of a million men engaged in a profession which required as much, at least, if not more, of ability, of intelligence, of sobriety, of industry, of fidelity, and all the qualities that go to make up good service and good citizenship, than any other pursuit in the country. He remembered the camaraderie that he had with these men, and he was determined that by no act of his should there be a slur cast upon his associates that they were unworthy of public confidence compared with those who were engaged in other gainful and reputable pursuits in our country.

It was the peculiarity of this craze, of this prejudice, that it affected only to those who were on the pay roll and receiving their stipend—salary, wages, whatever it might be—in the regular way from the treasury of the corporation. During the whole of that period the president or the general counsel could retain distinguished lawyers who would receive as compensation many times what the officer or the general counsel had in the way of salary, who would appear in the State and in the Federal courts, and sometimes when the Government and the corporation were in antagonism, and yet that politician becoming a statesman, could appear in court as counsel for the railway, and then upon the platform or in Congress denounce the corporation and keep the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

I remember an incident at a national convention where General SEWELL and I were frequently in consultation upon this subject and in which I was personally interested, being voted for by many delegates, where a gentleman distinguished in his State and in the nation came to me and said, "You should retire instantly, for the sake of your party, from the position in which your State has put you as its candidate for President, because in our part of the country we have educated the people to believe that anyone who

holds any position under a railroad, whether it is a brakeman, a conductor, a locomotive engineer, a freight man, a passenger agent, a president, or a general counsel, is unworthy of public confidence." I said, "My friend, what do you do?" "Well," he said, "I am so engaged and engrossed in public duties in my position as a member of Congress that it is impossible for me to take private practice, and so my entire living comes from the retainers given me by a leading Western railroad."

Now, Mr. President, Mr. SEWELL was no such man as that. When he ran for the State senate first, and again and again, he was the leading railway officer and the representative of all the railroads in his State, and he made no concealment of the fact. On the contrary, while he did not run as such, he did assert, "I am as worthy of confidence, if as a man and a citizen you think me so, as you, gentlemen, who are engaged in any other pursuit, avocation, or profession." And that courage elected him. It reelected him. It made him the leader of his party in his State. It did more. It made his State, which has always been freer from baseless prejudice than most of our Commonwealths, choose him the leader of the delegation in six national conventions, where he was a great force in saying who should receive the nomination for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, what should be the declarations of the convention, when upon that nomination and platform depended the fortunes of the party to which he belonged.

When in public life he illustrated that he could be a railway man in his profession and a faithful public servant when intrusted by the people with office. To his initiative, to his skill as a business man, and to his lack of prejudice on all questions is due that legislation in the State of New Jersey by which taxation has been lifted, so far as State taxation is concerned, from the farm, from industries, and from labor, and placed upon corporations. He perfected that system so that from the corporation and not from the farm, not from industries, not from labor, comes in the State treasury of New Jersey to-day revenues which have relieved it of State debt, revenues which pay the whole of its State taxation, revenues which take care of its educational system, and revenues which seem as though they would ultimately wipe out local taxation.

Mr. President, Senator SEWELL was in no sense a spectacular

man. We who knew him best knew that he avoided crowds, he avoided applause, he never played to the gallery. He was always intent upon the one thing which he sought to accomplish. The motive power of his career was its directness, its courage, its outspokenness. When he started in the railway business he meant to be president of the railway, and he was; in finance he meant to get a fortune, and he secured it; in politics he meant to go as far as he could under the laws and the Constitution of the United States, and he did.

In this Senate his value was in the fact that he undertook nothing which he did not completely understand, and that which he did understand by the submission of the judgment of his associates to his greater judgment, backed up by his wonderful information and industry, became the law of the land.

He started to redeem the State of New Jersey from its rock-ribbed condition in the Democratic party. It had been allied to that party ever since the time of Jefferson. In that State, which is peculiarly dominated by pride in its old families and neighborhood ties, there were traditions and legends of party associations most difficult for one not born within it to break; and Senator SEWELL's success in the twenty years' struggle by which he turned that State over to his own party, and by which it looks as if it might be kept there, was due to qualities of leadership in which he differed from most of the political leaders of my time.

Political leaders, as I have known them—and I have known almost all of them in every State for forty years—are jealous of youth; they are afraid of young ambition; they hesitate to acknowledge the rising genius which appears in the different localities, and they frequently put a heavy hand on a young man who is marching ahead, according to their judgment, too rapidly, and may possibly interfere with or remove them from the seat of power. Senator SEWELL never had any fear on that point. Wherever there was ambition in youth he encouraged it; wherever there was ability he recognized it; wherever a young man could be placed so that he could be most useful to the cause which SEWELL loved, and which he believed ought to triumph, it never occurred to his brave and manly heart that that young man would be a rival of himself.

There is one race, Mr. President, which has contributed more,

relatively to its numbers, to the government of this world in modern times than any other. It bears a very small proportion to other races, almost an infinitesimal one. Wherever you go around the world, in seeing foreign countries, you come upon the colonies of the British Empire, and recognize that the sun in its course around the globe never sets upon the British flag. Wherever the situation is difficult, wherever government is almost impossible, wherever the climate is most deadly, wherever the population is nearer to barbarism and savagery, and therefore almost impossible to assimilate, there you find as a governor a member of the Scotch-Irish race. The Scotch-Irish race is a very small part of the inhabitants of the British Islands, but in the civil and military affairs of England they occupy more distinguished, more powerful, and more numerous positions than all other races combined.

That race has done much for the glory of the American Army and Navy. Though its members are so few in our 80,000,000 people, from it have come several Presidents of the United States, but it never gave to our public and our business life, and to our citizenship, a better example or a more useful service than when it contributed the grit, the pluck, the modest courage, the ability, and the indomitable ambition of Senator WILLIAM J. SEWELL.

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*January 30, 1903.*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LATE SENATOR JAMES M'MILLAN.

Mr. BURROWS. Mr. President, in conformity with the notice already given, I ask the Senate to consider at this time the following resolutions.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Senator from Michigan submits resolutions which will be read to the Senate.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JAMES McMILLAN, late a Senator from the State of Michigan.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect at the conclusion of these exercises the Senate adjourn.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, these occasions are more than mere tributes to the memory of departed brethren. They give the opportunity to recall honorable and successful lives and to

point to them as examples which are valuable to the States of those who have died and to the country. There is no better representation of every phase of American life, character and achievement than the Congress of the United States. In it are men who have forged to the front in the strenuous battle which is upon us everywhere and have so impressed their fellow-citizens as to be selected to make their laws and manage their Government. No student of the Congressional Directory, through the years of our existence as a government, can but feel inspired with hope and ambition. It is a dictionary of success mainly from the humblest beginnings. It is a record of those who have honored that much-abused phrase "self-made men."

During most of the formulative and revolutionary period of our history lawyers have commanded legislative positions. The people believed that the education and training necessary for admission to the bar and the familiarity with the laws which are requisite for the practice of the profession especially fitted lawyers to be legislators. It is only within recent years that business has become the leading profession of our country. It is business interests which are most likely to be affected favorably or otherwise by legislation. Until almost a decade ago the more active a man was in industries the less interest he took in politics. I remember a great merchant of New York who voiced the sentiments of his associates when he said that he crossed off his credit book "any customer who was in politics or aspired to or held office." For a period it was fatal to the aspirations of a young man entering upon a business career to have applied to him what was then the opprobrious name of "politician." When a young legislator in our State legislature, I was at a meeting of those merchants and financiers who controlled the business of the metropolis. They had members of the legislature as guests in order to present to them their views upon pending legislation, which, if enacted, would have inflicted serious damage upon the city. We discovered that none of them ever voted except at Presidential elections. None of them took any part in the preliminary work which controls parties and selects their representatives. I told them then, and have been more than ever convinced since of its truth, that people who take no part in politics have no right to complain of what politicians do for them; that

if they suffer, it is their just punishment for the neglect of the highest duty of citizenship. Now, however, that condition has happily changed. Business men find that if they would keep prosperity for themselves and for the country they must take an active and intelligent interest in public matters.

Senator McMILLAN was the leading business man of his State and among the foremost of its successful men of affairs. He was never satisfied with occasionally voting and continually complaining and criticising, but he found time, as every man can, for a beneficent interest in local, State and national matters. He demonstrated that the manager of a great business, without neglecting the welfare of his associates, can serve his city or his town if it requires his experience or his brains, or his party as chairman of its State committee, by bringing to that organization in that capacity the faculties which have placed him at the front in the creation of enterprises and the management of affairs. Senator McMILLAN was entitled, if anybody, to that appellation with which we are becoming gradually familiar, a "captain of industry." Great as has been the progress and development of the United States, materially, financially and industrially, fortunately public sentiment has kept pace with its growth.

A Senator of national reputation said a quarter of a century ago that there is nothing so dangerous to the public welfare as a million of dollars unless it be two. This declaration received universal applause. But we have learned to draw the line between money which is active in the creation of new industries, in enlarging the scope of old ones, in developing resources and opening new territories for settlement, and that baser and sordid use of accumulations which benefits, if it does benefit, only its selfish possessor. If a million dollars will give employment to 500 men, two millions will require the services of a thousand. A billion-dollar company places upon its pay roll 125,000 men, and as part of its success, by concentration and reduction of cost, adds 25 per cent in wages to the 25 per cent more employed than under former conditions. The railway whose capital enabled it to build a hundred miles gives work upon its single track and limited facilities to a mere fraction of those who are required when it extends a thousand miles, with the equipment, which both attracts increasing traffic and stimulates it.

Here we have in the career of our friend a concrete object lesson of this process of beneficial development. Coming as a very young man from Canada to Detroit, he starts in employment as every American boy does, and then as he masters the business arrives at partnership and control. The shop becomes a factory, the factory expands from the product of one article to many. The ramifications of the business extend beyond the city, through the State, and from the State all over the country. The employment runs from one to ten, from ten to a hundred, from a hundred to several thousands. At each advance there is a betterment of every condition, both for the business and for those in every capacity who are connected with it. But these happy results are not limited to those immediately connected with the manufactory. The city, state and country share proportionately in the stimulation given to production, consumption and employment. The city soon recognizes and utilizes that faculty for organization and administration which had accomplished this result. His party demanded a service which was conspicuously performed in the leadership in Michigan in several Presidential campaigns. Then the State asked of him for the Commonwealth of Michigan this talent for its representative in the United States Senate. For thirteen years he sat here as Senator of that great State. At the time of his death he had just been returned for six years more. He was not an orator; he had not the gift of speech, but in labor and in counsel there was no more valuable member in this body. Business in its highest sense, that business which means prosperity to the country, the employment of capital and labor, activities of every kind which enlarge old avenues and open new, found in him here one of its most efficient representatives. He was for years at the head of the Committee on the District of Columbia. The capital as we have it to-day, with its parks, its avenues, its water, its public buildings, its transportation facilities and all that makes it the finest example of an American city, owes much of its beauty, its comfort and its development to the wise administration of Senator McMILLAN.

In all ages the question has constantly recurred, In what manner, if the choice were left to us, would we prefer to die? The prayers in most churches all over the world offer on every Sabbath day the petition to preserve us from sudden death. That is



based upon the theological dogma that the sins of a lifetime can be forgiven and salvation secured by a death-bed repentance. Without desiring any controversy, I can not help believing that in the bookkeeping of heaven there is a debit and credit account which can only be balanced by works as well as faith, by deeds as well as professions. So I count most happy those who escape the agonizing scenes, so often recurring and so painful at death, of parting with those we love. Here we have a friend who in every position in life did his duty according to his best lights as a father, a husband and a citizen, a man and a Senator. He so lived during the time allotted to him by God that when in a moment he was called to join the majority, he left behind him nothing but praise and had before him the certainty of reward.

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*January 31, 1903.*

ACCEPTANCE OF STATUES OF CHARLES CARROLL AND JOHN HANSON.

Mr. McCOMAS. Mr. President, I present the following concurrent resolution.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The concurrent resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the concurrent resolution, as follows;

*Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That the thanks of Congress be presented to the State of Maryland for providing the bronze statues of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Hanson, citizens of Maryland, illustrious for their historic renown and distinguished civic services.*

*Resolved, That the statues be accepted and placed in the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol, and that a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be transmitted to the governor of the State of Maryland.*

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, materialism is ever crowding with increasing force upon sentiment. It is destructive of ideals. As wealth increases and competition grows and larger opportunities intensify the struggle for existence or for great accumulations, unselfish sentiment becomes more distant and difficult. The war of the Revolution was, in its best and highest sense, inspired by sentiment and for a principle. Actual oppression had not reached that acute form which precipitated other revolts. As Burke said:

In other countries the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here

they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The Continental Congress differed from all other bodies which have overthrown and created governments. All of its members were men of substance, who had nothing to gain, beyond the establishment of those principles of government in which they believed, and everything to lose in the contest. Carroll was the richest of the signers and the second richest man in the United Colonies. Washington was the wealthiest, his fortune being reckoned at \$750,000, while Carroll assessed himself at half a million dollars. Hancock was the wealthiest man in Massachusetts, Morris the wealthiest in New York, and in each delegation was some one similarly situated in his colony. It was mostly an American convention. Forty-nine of the signers were born in this country, two in England, two in Scotland, two in Ireland, and one in Wales. They were all thoroughly versed in the principles of English liberty and in the rights of British subjects. They knew what they were entitled to under the great Charter and the Bill of Rights. Their average age was 45 years. The oldest were Franklin and Hopkins, who were 70, and the youngest were Rutledge and Lynch, who were 27. Hancock was 40 and Jefferson 33 years of age. The proportion of lawyers to the whole number was numerically less and of doctors greater than in any subsequent Congress of the United States. There were sixteen lawyers, nine merchants, five doctors, five planters, three farmers and one clergyman. The other seventeen were, like Franklin, men of letters and of science, who had made their mark in various careers. Eighteen were graduates of American universities, three were graduates of Cambridge, England, and one was a graduate of Edinburgh University. Twenty-one were liberally educated in institutions of learning in this country and abroad and by private tutors and travel. Eleven were self-taught, but they were by no means the least learned of their associates. Roger Sherman, who began life as a shoemaker, was a man of such transcendent ability that he was regarded in the Convention as its ablest lawyer and possessing a judgment to which universal deference was paid. None of them had any title, nor were they statesmen, as that term was then understood. They

were the products of a self-governing people, who had developed, in the course of a century and a quarter, a habit of independence.

The colonial forces had learned the art of war and been the most efficient soldiers of Great Britain in the struggle on this continent with France. The signers were not seeking fame by speeches which would command listening Senates, for they sat with closed doors and without reporters. We know that the discussions were upon a lofty plane and carried on with ability and power. Jefferson bears witness that John Adams on the side of independence was a Colossus in debate. These fifty-six patriots represented accurately the constituencies which elected them. They voiced the sentiment of the vast majority of the American people. They were so conspicuous and influential that the British Government would gladly have rewarded them with the titles which are now so much coveted by the residents of the British colonies all over the world and granted to them as personal favor or distinction. They not only spurned these honors, but were conscious that if they failed in their revolt their lives would be forfeited for treason and their estates confiscated. Two of them were already proscribed by proclamation as beyond all possibility of pardon if the colonies were subdued—Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

In other revolutions the violent men, the demagogues, those who had everything to gain by disorder, were in the main thrown to the front. With success came the struggle for power, and bloody proscriptions were as merciless and as general by those who succeeded in capturing the State against their associates in the Revolution as against the tyrants who had been expelled. This happened in the French Revolution, and has been the ordinary course of history in the South American Republics. But the signers of the Declaration of Independence never claimed for themselves any rewards of their countrymen for what they had done. None of them made any effort to seize the Government or to secure special individual favors. They knew what they were doing and that it was for posterity. Two of them became Presidents of the United States and one Vice-President, but the succession after Washington of John Adams and after Adams of Jefferson, in the cleavage which came and lasted until the civil war between State rights and the nation, was the natural choice

of the free will of a free people. Most of them were selected at different times during their lives for the diplomatic service, for Congress or the Senate, for the judiciary or the executive office in their several States, but they performed their duties as conscientiously and retired to private life as willingly as if they had never had any connection with the creation of the institutions which they served. Although their education had been local and their public life in colonial affairs, they commanded as diplomats the admiration of the oldest cabinets of Europe. The securing of the consent of monarchical France to an alliance, with the assistance of her fleet and armies, was a marvel of diplomacy, while the judicial decisions, acts of Congress, reports of Cabinet ministers, and state papers of the fathers have guided the course of Government from their day to ours and remain an unequaled monument of creative wisdom.

The course of Rome for many centuries was controlled by the mysterious revelation of the Sibylline leaves, but there was no mystery about the Declaration of Independence, no mystery about the Constitution of the United States, no mystery about the Farewell Address of Washington, and no mystery in the writings which have come to us from the fathers of the Revolution.

Forty-seven of the signers lived to see the independence which they had declared seven years before recognized by Great Britain. Forty-three hailed the new Constitution which was adopted in 1787, and which is our guide and government to-day practically unchanged. Happily for the country, three of them lived for more than fifty years after that eventful epoch-making Fourth of July. The influence not only of the teachings, but of the example of these surviving signers during the first half of our existence can not be calculated. The death of Jefferson and of Adams, occurring on the same day, on the Fourth of July, on the fiftieth anniversary of the hours during which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, brought vividly before the people the sentiment and the principles for which the signers stood. Their political antagonism had been forgotten in the last two decades of their lives, and in their union in death there appeared, as it were, on that memorable day spread upon the heavens in view of all the people the immortal Declaration of Independence, and on the one side Jef-

person, the author, and on the other side Adams, the Colossus in debate, by whose eloquence it was unanimously agreed to.

We can place among the immortals John Hanson, who has also been selected by the Commonwealth of Maryland as her representative in the gallery of State patriots in this Capitol, as President of the Congress of the Confederation during the later years of the struggle, and he had appended to his name the unique title of "President of the United States in Congress assembled."

Charles Carroll of Carrollton lived six years longer than Jefferson and Adams. In his youth he spent twelve years abroad, studying in the best institutions of England and of the Continent. His wealth and social position at home brought him in contact with the leading minds of those countries. He was four years in the Temple at London studying law. At the age of 27 he returned to his home equipped with every appliance of opportunity and of learning that the times afforded him. This was in 1764. The colonies were aflame with the discussion of taxation without representation. Carroll instantly jumped into the arena. His pamphlets commanded universal attention. To the royal governor of Maryland, who had endeavored to impose a tax not sanctioned by the legislature, he wrote this revolutionary sentiment and dangerous expression for a colonial subject twelve years before the Declaration of Independence: "In a land of freedom this arbitrary exercise of prerogative must not and will not be endured."

Ten years later and two years before the final act, conferring with some members of Parliament, one of them said: "If you revolt, we will send 6,000 veteran English soldiers to your country, who will march from one end of it to the other, for there is nothing with you which could resist them." Carroll's answer was: "So they may, but they will be masters only on the spot on which they encamp. If we are beaten on the plains we will retreat to the mountains." Carroll was not present when the Declaration of Independence was passed. Maryland had suffered little and was not feeling seriously the effects of the extraordinary exercise of the royal prerogative, so the Maryland legislature was reluctant to take the extreme step of separation. Carroll made it his mission as a member of that legislature to bring his State into line. Nothing could resist his impetuous patriotism and sound reason.

He had more at stake than any of them, and he brought his State finally to withdraw its opposition and to authorize its delegates to sign the Declaration. Then with this mission, won mainly by his efforts, he went to Philadelphia and took his place as a delegate in Congress.

When the time for signing came, and in bantering each other as to whether in case of failure they would hang singly or hang together, the remark was made to Carroll, "You can escape, because there are so many Charles Carrolls." His answer, immediately emphasized by the inscription following his pen, was, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." It is the only title in our Revolution. There have been many men of distinction in different ages and countries whose proud boast was that they had and could transmit to their descendants their name as of the duchy, the earldom, or the barony which had been bestowed upon them by royal grant for distinguished services or as favors of the Crown. But here was a distinction not bestowed, not granted, but assumed by the writer, not as a title of nobility, not as a claim, like the lands at Blenheim, to a great estate conveyed by a grateful country, but as the location and description which would enable the executioner to find him if the cause of liberty failed. The members of revolutionary conventions, as a rule, when the revolution was successful, have met with bloody deaths or been driven into exile. But the signers of the Declaration of Independence experienced all their lives that sweetest incense to a patriot and a statesman—the love and reverence and admiration of a grateful people.

A writer records a visit made to Carroll at his home when he was the only survivor of that immortal band. He was at that time 95 years of age. The visitor says that as he entered the parlor, from a bundle of shawls on the sofa came a figure so slight and emaciated that it seemed scarcely human. But Mr. Carroll began at once to question him about the Virginia statesman from whom he had come and then to discuss the old days in the light of the new. That visitor, a man of imagination, cared little for what was said. He was grasping a hand which had signed the Declaration of Independence. He stood in the presence of the last of the immortals. There must have appeared to him the Congress in session

on that great day. He could see Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, seize John Hancock, who had just been elected President, and carry and place him in the chair, saying, "We will show mother Britain how little we care for her by making the Massachusetts man whom she has excluded from pardon by public proclamation our President." He would see Benjamin Franklin calling attention to the fact that upon the back of the President's chair was a picture which represented the rising sun, the same chair which Washington occupied eleven years afterwards as President of the Constitutional Convention, when the sun of American liberty had risen, never to set. He would recall that then and there was the dawn of a new era in the affairs of the world. Constitutional liberty, self-government, the equality of all before the law, absolute religious freedom, and freedom of the press—these were new forces, which, if successful, must permeate all countries and affect all institutions of every land. Charles Carroll at 95, fifty-six years after he had signed the Declaration of Independence, could look back triumphantly at the results. He could see three generations of his own descendants enjoying its blessings. He had witnessed the perils of the Confederation, the cementing of the bond of union, and the creation of an imperishable nation by the Constitution of 1787. As a friend and adviser of Washington he had taken part in that formative period of the first two Presidential terms, when the fabric was so feeble and seemingly tottering daily to a fall, and when it was held together mainly by the character and confidence of the people in that foremost man of all the world, "The Father of his Country." He had witnessed the perils of a French alliance, which had been avoided, and seen the successful issue of a second war with Great Britain. His country was strong and prosperous. Every nation had its representatives at its capital. It possessed a powerful navy and mercantile marine, which carried its commerce all around the globe, its flag was on every sea and in every port and the prosperity and happiness of its people were unexampled. There was but one danger, and that was acute in 1832—the danger of disunion. When the Declaration was signed, in 1776, the perils of the country were wholly from without. In 1832 they were entirely from within.

"One people" was the term used in reference to the citizens of the Thirteen United States of America in the Declaration of Independence. "We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, declare that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," was the closing of that document. "That the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," are the words under which our Constitution was written. Washington received his sword from the Congress of the United Colonies, and returned it when triumphant to the Congress of the United States. All who were born and all who accepted citizenship under that Declaration and that Constitution came into the inalienable inheritance of all the rights, the powers, and the liberties of the Union of the States. The danger to the Union from the conflicting ideas of State rights and nationality, which clouded the last days of Charles Carroll, culminated in 1861 in the bloodiest civil war of modern times. That struggle it is now clearly seen was a providential interposition in our affairs, not only to extirpate slavery, but to perpetuate the Union. We witness the unprecedented spectacle of the victors and of those who failed, both fighting as our blood only can fight for an ideal, now sitting side by side in this Congress, equally loyal to the flag and to the Union. The passions of civil war have died while the generation which fought it is living. With this question settled the progress and development of the country in all that constitutes the wealth and power of a nation has been five times greater in the thirty-seven years since the civil war than in the preceding eighty-nine years.

As the signers, from above, note the honor this day conferred upon the one of their number who lingered longest on this side they recognize that, great as were their aspirations, fond as were their hopes, mighty as were their dreams of the future of their country, yet in every element which makes a happy people enjoying the blessings of the largest liberty and a nation foremost in the affairs of the world, the Republic which they created has surpassed all they hoped or dreamed or prayed for. [Applause in the galleries.]



*February 14, 1903.*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LATE CONGRESSMAN AMOS J. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

The Senate having under consideration the following resolutions:

*"Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.*

*"Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.*

*"Resolved, That Senators be permitted to print remarks upon the life and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.*

*"Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn."*

MR. DEPEW. Mr. President, there are many of both parties who knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS and loved him who would have joined in this tribute had not the lateness of the session and the pressure of business made it impossible for them to secure the time to do so; but I could not let this session adjourn without having entered in imperishable memorial upon the Journal of the Senate a minute of respect for one of the best men who ever served in the House of Representatives—a man of singular career and of most varied experiences, one of those original geniuses who seldom make a success, and therefore the success of one of them is all the more remarkable and commendable.

There are very few Americans who never, at any period in their lives, had a desire to accumulate a fortune, but AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of them. He seemed to be, during all his active career, a child of impulse and of circumstance. He acted many parts, but such was his genius, his power of concentration, and his ability, that in each part he forged to the front and made himself conspicuous. A brief review of what he did will exhibit these peculiarities.

His father and his grandfather were both clergymen. He was brought up and had the training which comes in the home of a village pastor, and yet so restless was his spirit that it could not brook the restraints of home or of school and he became an apprentice in the composing room of a newspaper.

As soon as he had learned his trade the roving spirit would no longer let him remain at home, and it was one of the recollections of his life that he had set type in every State in the Union. This gave him, long before he came of age, a wonderful knowledge of

the country and a remarkable acquaintance with the people of the different States of the Republic.

Happening to be at Mobile when General Walker started upon his expedition for the conquest of Nicaragua, this restless spirit was at once captured by the adventurer and the adventure. We shall never know whether Walker was a buccaneer, a pirate, a patriot, or what. We only know he started with 61 men to capture the friendly Republic of Nicaragua.

It is one of the evidences of the enormous advance of this country in a recognition of international rights and of how far an American citizen can go in violation of those rights that the expedition of Walker, widely advertised, the recruiting known at Washington and everywhere else, was permitted to start for the purpose of making an assault upon the integrity and independence of a friendly power. That could not happen to-day under any conditions. It would be suppressed at once. The expedition ended, of course, at last in disaster. But in it were a multitude of extraordinary experiences which would form a romance if AMOS CUMMINGS had ever had the time to write of them.

When he came back to New York he entered the composing room of the New York Tribune. In a short time he had attracted the personal attention of Horace Greeley, who advanced him to a position on the editorial staff.

Then he fell again into the editorial line as the managing editor of the New York Sun, under Charles A. Dana. When the mob threatened to wreck the Tribune building in the draft riots of 1863, it would have done so had it not been for CUMMINGS. The remarkable facility of this man to adapt himself to all circumstances captured and dispersed that crowd of raving lunatics.

Then he joined the Army during the civil war as a soldier in a New Jersey regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when his battery had been taken and the regiment was on the run, he seized from the dying color bearer the colors, and rushing back with them alone shamed the regiment, so that they followed him and recaptured the battery, for which he received the thanks of Congress and a medal, which was the ornament that he loved best of all during the whole of his life.

He became not only facile with the pen, but developed as a speaker and turned to the platform; his party wanted him in its campaigns; the dinner tables of the metropolis found that he was a charming addition to the after-dinner speaking.

Here you have this varied career. He entered Congress; he was there for fifteen years, and he so impressed himself upon his associates that he received the extraordinary honor, very few times granted, of being awarded a public funeral on the floor of the House.

It was my good fortune to know CUMMINGS from his early beginnings down to the day of his death. I often wonder what are the influences and environments that most make up a character or shape a career. CUMMINGS never had any settled purpose for any career, but he just dropped into his ideal of the hour and then marched on with it and its adherents so long as he felt that his line of duty was just there.

The wonder is that this roving young printer, under sixteen years of age, falling into all sorts of associations everywhere, this youth of seventeen, a comrade with those wild adventurers of every nationality who were without character, without any regard for law, international or national, or morality, or anything else, as were his associates in the Walker expedition; going through the civil war while still so young—that in all of these associations and all of these temptations the real fiber of manhood, which was the heredity of two generations of clergymen, left him at the end untouched by any of the temptations which must have surrounded a young man under such circumstances.

The character and career of AMOS J. CUMMINGS were not formed in the parsonage, nor in the composing room, nor in the associations with his friends, the printers, nor with the adventurers in Nicaragua, nor with his comrades in the Army. They were built by the overmastering influence of two men of extraordinary genius, whom he worshiped—one Horace Greeley, the other Charles A. Dana.

No proper appreciation of the life and services, of the ability and character of Horace Greeley has ever been written. There was a time, and fortunately for Mr. CUMMINGS he was then on the Tribune staff and learning from that great master, when there

came every day from the Tribune office a newspaper with editorials written by that pen which influenced the judgment of millions, which controlled the action of parties, and dominated the legislation of the country.

The most guileless man I ever knew, the most simple, the most credulous, the most unworldly, and yet with a pen in his hand the strongest and wisest, was Horace Greeley. One can imagine the influence of such a character upon such an impressionable youth and one of such a make-up as AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

I have seen many a deathbed in my life; I have witnessed life go out under conditions that were sad or sweet, hopeful or despairing. I never but once saw a man die of a broken heart, and never do I wish to see such a tragedy again.

I made a speech with Mr. Greeley in his Presidential campaign, just before its close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to be beaten. We returned to his home, and he was jeered on the train and at the depot when we arrived. I was with him one day shortly before his death. We went into his study. It was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life.

Mr. Greeley glanced them over, and then he said: "My life is a failure; I never have sought to accumulate a fortune; I never have cared for fame; but I did want to leave a monument of what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting them up, in doing away with the curse of slavery and the curse of rum; but here I am so caricatured and misrepresented to my countrymen that the slave will always look upon me as having been one of his owners, and reform will believe me a fraud." Then, his head falling upon his desk, he burst into uncontrollable sobs. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. He was soon after taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke at the moment when he bowed his head upon his desk.

Another man who subsequently had influence on the life and in molding the work and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana was of an entirely different type from Horace Greeley, a man of large and broad culture, of wide reading and extensive travel, of experience in literature and in

the world—a man of the world, familiar with the public men of all nations and of the great writers of all countries and of all times—not only an editor, but himself a writer of eminence in other walks of literature. He possessed the quality beyond any newspaper man I have ever known of compressing in a sentence an article which filled a column; of putting in one paragraph a thought which, expanded by others, would have been dissipated by its length; but in a paragraph it became the quotable truth for every newspaper in the country, and was often reproduced as a condensed expression in the platform of a party.

Through the whole of AMOS J. CUMMINGS' subsequent career we see the influence of these two great men, about whom he was always talking and who were his idols. The tremendous, rushing, resistless, Niagara forces of Horace Greeley were in the impulses which moved him; but at the same time in the articles that came from his pen you could see the results of the criticism and teaching which he received while he was editor of the Sun from his master, Charles A. Dana.

Mr. CUMMINGS became a member of the House of Representatives at that moment when there seemed to have come like an inspiration, and almost in an hour, the idea to the people of the United States and to Congress that we must have a powerful Navy. It had been seen by American statesmen for a generation that such a Navy must be built, but the spirit of economy had resisted it always as unnecessary because of the strength of our isolation. But the first year that CUMMINGS was in Congress this idea suddenly and almost as an electric spark permeated the whole Republic. It caught at once upon a mind which had been trained and a life which had been led as had that of our friend. He secured a position upon the Naval Committee. He was during most of his career in the party of the opposition, and yet the Navy, as it is to-day, owes much to the consistent, persistent, able, and patriotic support of this Representative from New York.

He had one other aim, one other absorption, and that was with him always. He became a member early in life of the Typographical Union. I have been, from my occupation and associations necessarily a student of and brought into intimate contact with labor organizations. One of the best labor organizations in

the world, full of beneficence, commanding the respect of everybody, and doing infinite good for its own members, is the one with which I was most closely brought in contact for many years as president of the New York Central Railway Company—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Alongside of them is the Typographical Union, of whom I have had much knowledge, though not business relations.

As a member, a lecturer, and an associate in this body, CUMMINGS became familiar with the ideas underlying labor unions, with the best purposes which they had, and with that which was best which could be accomplished by voluntary efforts, or which should be enacted into legislation. Much of the legislation on the statute books of the United States for the last fifteen years in behalf of labor owes its position there to the intelligent efforts of this labor man and exponent, in its best and highest sense, of labor.

Mr. CUMMINGS cultivated the faculty—which very few hard-working men possess—of always having plenty of time for anything. Plenty of time for play, for excursions, for social enjoyment with those he loved and who loved him, plenty of time to appear at the banquet hall where the occasion was patriotic or purely social, or for the advancement of some special purpose, and plenty of time to deliver an address, which was in the next day's paper one of the features of the evening. He could do beyond most men I have ever met that most difficult task of amusing a crowd which is assembled under such conditions late in the evening, and at the same time through the fun, joke, and story of weaving a thread of pregnant truths which left an impress which did not die with the flowers of the feast.

In standing beside the open grave of a friend one thought often occurs to me in later years, and that is: What does the world owe this man and how much of the debt has he collected? The world owes to every man a living, providing he has the industry and determination to collect it. The world owes to every man more pleasure than pain; more good than bad; more gain than loss; more happiness than sorrow; more success than failure; more love than hate; more friends than enemies; but it rests with the man himself whether he collects that debt, for the world holds

fast to the good things which it possesses and lets free the bad; and it is only by labor and energy, only by determination and character that the debt which the world owes to everyone is collected. But as I stood beside the bier of my old friend, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, as I looked over his life as a printer, an editor, an author, a soldier, and a statesman, and then contemplated his inner life in his home and among his friends, I felt that in his sixty-one years of varied activities he had collected the debt which the world owed him; that he had to his account a large credit of fame, of good wishes, and of loving regrets, and that he found a large credit to his account in the great book of life when he joined the majority.



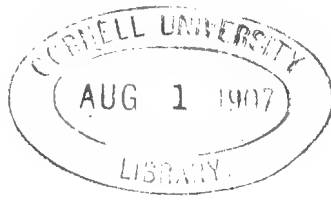












IN MEMORIAM.

REMARKS

OF

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,  
OF NEW YORK,

UPON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

HON. JOHN H. KETCHAM,

AND OF

HON. WILLIAM H. FLACK,

(Late Representatives from the State of New York),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Saturday, March 2, 1907.



WASHINGTON.  
1907.



Memorial Address on the Late Representative John H.  
Ketcham.

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ADDRESS  
OF  
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,  
OF NEW YORK,  
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,  
*Saturday, March 2, 1907.*

The VICE-PRESIDENT laid before the Senate the following message from the House of Representatives, which was read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*February 24, 1907.*

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN H. KETCHAM, late a Member of this House from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of this day shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from New York submits resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN H. KETCHAM, late a Representative from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that fitting tribute may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, those of us who have been here for many years have experienced during this Congress and others

how frequently death comes where there are 90 Senators and 386 Members of the House. As a rule, the colleague who has departed did not have the qualities of mind or distinction in public life which raised him sufficiently above the average of his fellows for him to be distinguished beyond them all. Now and then there is a rare character who does possess these qualities and has achieved this unique success.

I know of no one in my long acquaintance with public men, covering now more than half a century, who without being spectacular, without calling to himself the attention of the whole country, yet had such a remarkable career as Gen. JOHN H. KETCHAM. He lived in the district adjoining the one in which I was born and passed most of my life, and during the whole of his public career he was my intimate friend. I knew him in his private, business, and political life. He had the distinction of being for thirty-four years a Member of the House of Representatives, a period longer than any other man has served since the formation of the Republic, and in the changing conditions, increased population, and greater competition of our times and those which will succeed, I doubt if that record will ever be equaled, and I think he will always stand as the man who spent more years in the public service in the popular branch of our Government than any other one who ever served there.

His career presents a beautiful example of American life. He was born in modest circumstances. He became a farmer in early life, upon a moderate patrimony, and proceeded at once, with the qualities which made his success, to impress himself upon his community. The advantages of education to him were only those of the common school and the local academy, but they sufficed to overcome all obstacles and to enable him to surpass all his contemporaries.

He was a member of the local legislature of his county as a supervisor from his town the year he became of age. Two years afterwards he became a member of the lower house of the legislature of the State of New York, and at 25 he was a State senator. He was reelected, and then came the civil war.

The manner in which the volunteer regiments were raised in



our State was that in each Congressional district three citizens were appointed to take charge of the recruiting. In his Congressional district they were Benson J. Lossing, the distinguished historian; Judge Emmett, one of the most eminent members of our supreme court, and this young senator. The work of this recruiting service devolved upon this young man, who had already become a familiar figure upon every farm and in every household in the district. In three weeks the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York was raised. They were men of his own age, of his own period, his intimate friends, his political allies and associates, and their demand was that he should go with them as their leader to the front, and they elected him their colonel.

He was a young married man with a little family—very young—yet he did not hesitate a moment. He assumed the responsibility of command of the regiment—a farmer's boy who knew nothing whatever of military tactics and who had never been connected with a military organization. But with the same persistent energy and grasp of things with which he had to do that made his success, he drew about him the best military talent available and studied night and day, and used the same efforts with his regiment, until when it came to the front it was a disciplined organization with a competent leader.

During all the years of the civil war it was the characteristic of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York that it was equal to any duty it might be called upon to perform. It was in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac and afterwards in those of the Army of the West, and as in different battles its ranks were depleted they were recruited again from these same farmer boys of the district which its colonel had represented in the legislature.

He was wounded at Gettysburg, his life despaired of, and from that wound he suffered during his life. But when he could once more move, though he had ample excuse to retire, he was with Sherman, at the head of the One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, and marching through Georgia to the sea.

In 1865 the boys, writing home from the regiment of their colonel, who was always caring for their comfort regardless of

his own, whether it was in camp or on the battlefield or in the hospital, created a sentiment in the district that he should represent them in Congress, and he was practically unanimously elected. For four terms he was in the lower House, covering eight years.

Then came one of the most remarkable contests which has ever occurred in our country. It was in 1872. The candidacy of Horace Greeley had demoralized for the time the Republican party, which had been brought up on the New York Tribune, and demoralized the Democratic party which had nominated its most distinguished, able, and bitter opponent as its candidate for the Presidency. The Democratic party then undertook to defeat Colonel, Brigadier-General, Major-General, and Congressman KETCHAM. They selected a millionaire opponent, and the contest developed election methods to an extent never before or since known.

In those days we had no civil-service and no corrupt-practices acts. In those days when the courts met and the judge charged the grand jury on the statutory clauses, among which was bribery at the polls, it received no other attention than a smile in the court room. In this contest, which attracted the attention of the country, and especially of our State, General KETCHAM was defeated by a few hundred votes. But it was known and admitted that the contest had cost the successful candidate more than a quarter of a million dollars, and when the grand jury met again and the judge solemnly charged, no smile was seen in the court among the grand jury, the petit jurors, the litigants, the lawyers, or the witnesses, because all knew the facts, and many of them were disgracefully connected with them.

No investigation followed and no action was taken, and no public interest in the matter shown. We hear much in praise of the good old times and regrets that they can not return, but such a canvass and election would be impossible now in our State or any other.

General Grant knew and appreciated General KETCHAM as a soldier, and came, during the General's eight years in Congress, to recognize his talents for affairs, and instantly called upon

him to serve the Government in the new organization of the District of Columbia, appointing him on the commission with Governor Dennison, of Ohio, and Henry T. Blow, of Missouri, two eminent executive officers. The General made a deep and profound study of the capital problem. He became familiar with the plan of that remarkable genius, L'Enfant, who was selected by General Washington to lay out this city, then a city of magnificent distances, so well described by that phrase.

During his three years as Commissioner he energetically advanced the plans since carried out and expanded which have made Washington remarkable, and in the full development of which this city will become the most beautiful capital in the world.

But after three years without its old Representative his district found it did not have the same distinction and service as with General KETCHAM, and it again called on him to represent its people in the House of Representatives. The second time he was a Member for sixteen years, eight times consecutively reelected, generally without any opposition, though it was one of the most doubtful districts in our State, and often Democratic. But frequently he would be unopposed in order that his forceful genius and efforts might not prevail in the local campaign.

At the end of sixteen years his health failed, and he retired for three years, but the district again demanded him. It would have no one else. He was unanimously called upon and remained in Congress for eight years more, until his death.

One of the most pathetic and beautiful tributes which can be paid to a man was that which crowned his life. It was known that he was in desperate health; it was known that he was paralyzed; that he could perform little or no service for his district or the country, and yet the convention of his party unanimously nominated him, and it was understood that there would be no opposition; but unhappily he died ten days before election.

Mr. President, here is the life of a man who was fifty-one years in the public service, who was thirty-four years in Congress, who served with distinction in the legislature of his State, who won approbation as a Commissioner of this capital

District of the country, and who as a soldier received the commendation of his brigade and division commanders for distinguished services in the field, and who left the Army a major-general.

Now, what were the peculiarities, what were the characteristics, which made this very remarkable career? He served in Congress under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens, James G. Blaine, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, David B. Henderson, and JOSEPH G. CANNON; and while the RECORD might display little of what he did, he was a most valuable assistant to each one of them. He was in Congress with every President from Lincoln to Roosevelt, and while occupying but little space in the public press he was constantly invited to the White House for his assistance and advice.

It was known that while orators might speak and leaders might direct, there was no Member of Congress in KETCHAM's time who could accomplish so much for the success of any measure or the defeat of any bill which was before the House. If he could have written his reminiscences and autobiography, giving the unwritten story of party measures and policies and the secret of success and of failure of leaders during his long term, what a valuable contribution it would have been to our political history.

In New York, which probably more than any other State in the Union has been for a century in both parties subject to dominant leadership, he was always a stalwart. He was in office when the famous partnership of Seward, Weed, and Greeley was dramatically dissolved, and continued during Greeley's temporary leadership and the control of Thurlow Weed. He was in office when Conkling and Fenton had their bitter fight, first Fenton in command and then the autocratic domination of Conkling, and so on down to the time of his death. He never shifted from one side to the other as leaders changed. His own side might be in a minority in the State organization, but his hold upon his own district, from the affection which the people had for him, was such that the State organization could never wrest from his hands the organization of his Congressional district.

He was a politician of the old school. He believed in machines. He believed in patronage. He believed in getting all that was possible of positions for his friends. I do not think any man who lived in his time, or any twenty, had so many men in office as General KETCHAM. He had an instinctive knowledge when there was a vacancy in any Department of the Government, and he had a man ready to fill it and generally got him in. The President or a Cabinet minister or the bureau head knew perfectly well when General KETCHAM came in that the desired position had to be surrendered before the General retired. He did not confine his activities to political appointments in taking care of his friends. There was scarcely a firm or corporation in the State with a large force of employees which was not subject to his activities. The New York Central Railroad had the Hudson River division running on one side of his district and the Harlem division on the other, and during the period of nearly twenty years while I was its executive officer if a vacancy occurred in his district General KETCHAM knew it before I did—before it was reported to the president—and he was in my office with a candidate for the place, and usually secured it.

I will say in this connection that his selections were always men fitted for the duties. There was no distinction with him as to politics in securing positions. If the candidate was a young man whom he believed deserving or a middle-aged man with whom fortune, for no fault of his own, had somehow gone wrong, he would do for him what he could. Fathers were succeeded by sons grateful to this old general who had either given them in youth a lift in life or saved the family in hard luck from distress.

He had an utter contempt for the holier-than-thou patriot. He had an inexpressible and infinite loathing for the man who believed that he was lifted as he tore down reputations.

Now, then, what constituted his enormous success? How did he remain fifty-one years in public life? How did he rise to be a major-general in the hot battles of the civil war? Why was it he could never be defeated, except in that one extraordinary canvass against him, in his own district? Why was he as

fortunate in business as in politics? Because under all circumstances and at all times he was a man of such wise judgment and good sense that he knew a situation before other people; because of tireless industry, which was spurred to greater effort by failure and often won victory from defeat.

He never made a speech, and yet he was more successful than great orators. He never wrote a magazine article or a contribution for the newspapers, and yet he had more influence with the public opinion of his district than all orators or editors or magazine writers.

Mr. President, this farmer, legislator, Senator, Congressman, soldier had ideals. He had ideals about his home, and it was a beautiful one, with wife and children. He had ideals about the public service, and he did his full part in the great measures which for the last fifty years have been before the Congress of the United States. He had his ideals as a soldier, and he met the commendation of those great soldiers whose names will be forever connected with the most glorious part of the history of our country. He had ideals of public life—that he should be true to his country, his friends, and his own manhood and independence.

So Gen. JOHN H. KETCHAM lived and died. For fifty years he was in the open and before the public. Important investigations were held while he was upon the platform, but he was never brought in. Great scandals smirched both Houses of Congress while he was in office, but he was never touched. Continually on the platform and in the public eye, his record was always honorable, and he had the highest consideration of his associates, his friends, and his enemies.

I know of no example of a man so inconspicuous and yet so great which furnishes such a noble lesson of the possibilities of American citizenship to the youth of our country as that of Gen. JOHN H. KETCHAM.

Memorial Address on the Late Representative William H.  
Flack.

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REMARKS  
OF  
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,  
OF NEW YORK,  
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,  
*Saturday, March 2, 1907.*

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
*February 24, 1907.*

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended and that opportunity be now afforded Members to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM H. FLACK, late a Representative from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That as a special mark of respect and esteem for Mr. FLACK, the House, at the conclusion of these proceedings, adjourn.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and I ask for their adoption.

The resolutions were read and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. FLACK, late a Representative from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that a fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, when a man has passed his limit of three score and ten, and four score is near, his death is not an interruption, but the sudden checking of ultimate possibilities. We mourn his loss as we have in the last hour that of General Ketcham, who died at 74. But when the dread event

comes in the early forties it is more than an ordinary calamity. The citizen who is in his meridian and has accomplished something of success is a valuable asset of his community and of the State. He has cleared the obstacles and difficulties from his pathway, his judgment has ripened, experience has made him wise, and the course before him is clear.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY FLACK commenced the struggle early, with no advantages other than those afforded by the common school. He made his fight in the battle with the world in the community where he was born. At 46, when he died, he had been a success in business, a trustee and president of his village, chairman of his party committee in the county, and twice a Member of Congress from the district comprising the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, and Clinton. In the usual course of events he should have possessed thirty years more for service to his country and rewards for himself.

The difficulties which surround a country boy who aspires not only to business success, but to a political career, are greater than those which meet the son of the city. This is peculiarly the case where political distinction is desired. The man of the town is absorbed in the hot competitions of his vocation. The theater, the club, and other social diversions claim his spare time. It is only in periods of excitement about public questions that his attention is diverted to political matters. Public opinion in great cities is dormant unless aroused by some crisis in the affairs of the municipality, the State, or the nation. After a period of feverish and passionate activity the people settle down again to the normal conditions with less interest in public affairs than in those which pertain immediately to their welfare. In the city there is no neighborhood. The citizen rarely knows who lives on his street or who are the occupants of the other apartments in his apartment house. Many a man who has been distinguished and looked up to by his neighbors in the country, who has been a local oracle and in a measure the pride of the people, has come to the metropolis for a larger field for his talents and activities. I have had the ex-judge and the ex-Senator or ex-Congressman say to me: "I do not know who lives on either side of me or across the way. I am a



stranger in the elevator to those who are going to their offices in the vast building. I am jostled in the streets and crowded on the cars. Few call upon my family, and we might almost as well be in the Desert of Sahara. I miss the attention and recognition to which I have been accustomed, and that most delightful flattery in the world, the respect and admiration of men, women, and children, which I had at home, and we are going back. No pecuniary rewards compensate for the loss of that human contact and brotherly feeling which constitute the larger part of the pleasures of life." Under these conditions the organization more than the individual governs his career, unless he can control the organization.

In the country, however, the circle of the citizen enlarges with his activities and he becomes socially and politically well known, first in the town, then the county, and afterwards the district; but he must be somebody and do something which raises him above the average in order to receive recognition as a leader. Happily for our institutions, politics in these rural communities are not the spasmodic and often wild passions or crazes of the hour, but they are the thought and the pursuit of everyone all the year round. The newspapers are not read for the stock market or telegraphic news or cablegrams, but for editorials, transactions of conventions, and speeches of public men. Magazines are on the table of the sitting room not for ornament, but to be read. The lecture hall takes the place of the theater, and there the greatest questions of religion, politics, and sociology are discussed. The interval between the morning and afternoon service on Sunday is utilized as a sort of Chautauqua for the interchange of views, and they promote general education. It is to the credit of Mr. FLACK that he made his career in such a community. There is no community more typical of the very best conditions of rural life in the country than the district which Mr. FLACK represented in Congress. Its common and high schools, its academics and its college, are of the foremost educational rank. Its people have always been noted for their public spirit, interest in public affairs, and pronounced convictions. In the best sense they are all politicians, and the schoolhouse is as much a political pri-

mary as it is a primary school. Men of State and national fame have been its representatives. No ordinary man could command the suffrages of these counties. The difficulties in the way of success are greater because they are overwhelmingly of the same party, and a nomination is an election, and the competition is infinitely keener than where a nomination means a doubtful fight.

Mr. FLACK possessed not only the confidence of the people, which led to his being so often honored, and each time with promotion, but he had in a peculiar degree the love as well as the respect of all. He possessed a personality so agreeable and a disposition so charming that they won to him everyone with whom he came in contact. His illness, unfortunately, prevented continued activities in the House of Representatives, but while here he was a conscientious worker and had the confidence and respect of his associates. He leaves an honorable record for his family and for the representation of New York in the Congress of the United States.





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ADDRESS OF  
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW  
OF NEW YORK

UPON THE LIFE AND  
CHARACTER OF

HON. EDMUND W. PETTUS  
(LATE A SENATOR FROM THE  
STATE OF ALABAMA)

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE  
OF THE UNITED STATES  
APRIL 18, 1908



WASHINGTON  
1908

ADDRESS  
OF  
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE SENATORS FROM ALABAMA.

Mr. BANKHEAD. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hons. JOHN T. MORGAN and EDMUND W. PETTUS, late Senators from the State of Alabama.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senators, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable their associates to pay proper tribute to their high characters and distinguished public service.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is an agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, when a man dies in youth or in his prime with years of usefulness before him, the sentiment is grief or despair. Every year which one enjoys in health and the full possession of all his faculties beyond the Psalmist's limit of life is a source of gratitude. If he is still at fourscore in the forefront of the battle when the summons comes, the event elicits reminiscence, record and applause.

Alabama, through her two venerable and great Senators, MORGAN and PETTUS, had in this body a unique distinction. These two representatives, or as they might be called, ambassadors of a sovereign State, one 83 and the other 86, and by reason of their ability and power destined to reelection which would carry them both toward their century, present a picture which has no parallel in our history. Senator MORGAN was in the front rank of the statesmen of the Republic.

His great ability, vast acquirements, profound erudition, indomitable industry, self-sacrificing devotion to the public welfare and rare elequence have placed him in a niche of the temple of American fame. He possessed an almost unequaled command of English pure and undefiled, and in giving utterance to his thought it was done with such correct expression that after a running debate in which he took a principal part and which would last a day, his sentences were so perfect that his speech required neither review nor correction. More than any other of our statesmen he resembled the great English writer and orator, Edmund Burke. His colleague, Senator PERRUS, was a good lawyer and an able judge, but preeminently, in all his characteristics, the soldier. The friendship and interdependence of these associate representatives of Alabama upon each other and their daily intercourse was one of the most interesting and attractive pictures in the Senate. The General followed with awe and admiration the lead of the veteran and distinguished Senator, and the slender and fragile Senator seemed to lean with reverential regard upon the vigorous, aggressive and gigantic General, but at the moment when their State seemed unanimously resolved to keep them here without limit as to time the summons came to both, and they died as they had lived, neighbors and friends, possessing to the last the full vigor of their physical and mental powers.

Such an event inspires many reflections upon youth and age. The tribute of the world is given wholly to youth. Its admiration is for early achievement. It is apt to dismiss age or be impatient that it lingers upon the stage. I remember a distinguished English statesman remarking to me with disappointment and disgust after Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign had electrified the country, "There is no use waiting for old men to die. After seventy they go on forever." The brightest pages of history, the most brilliant passages in oratory and the highest flights of rhetorical expression are devoted to the achievements of precocious genius. In our day everything is subjected to the merciless analysis of science and research. The most valued traditions of childhood are shattered by the cold

processes of historical delving. William Tell becomes a myth and Arnold Winkelreid an exaggerated tradition. By the same bloodless dissection alienists and physiologists are now endeavoring to prove that in the formation and growth of the brain an unnatural and unhealthy early development tends either to degeneracy or, in rare instances, where there is great natural power, to extraordinary and morbid maturity in infancy and youth. It is the inspiration and despair of the schools that Alexander the Great was a wise ruler at 18 and conquered all Greece at 20. At 26 he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer and died at 30. His achievements and his tragic death were alike due to an abnormal brain which made him meet the characterization of Pope, "The youth who all things but himself subdued." In this he stands in marked contrast with Cæsar, who matured more slowly and naturally, and was at the zenith of his powers when assassinated at 56, and of whom Pope also said, "Cæsar was the world's great master and his own." Hannibal was in sight of the fulfillment of the vow to his father of the destruction of Rome when he was 31, but then his genius seemed to decay. Napoleon had reached the zenith of his powers at 35 and at Waterloo was the victim of premature senility. Byron's genius began to fade in his early thirties, and he died before he was 40. Pitt was prime minister at 25, and the maturity of his gifts was under 40. Goethe, the great German genius, and one of the greatest the world ever saw, on the other hand, grew normally to maturity and was no exception to nature's laws. The work which gave him universal recognition, "Iphigenia," was written when he was 37, but his immortality is largely based upon "Faust," which was published when he was 55. He lived without any abatement of mind until he was 83. Thiers, having accomplished a world of literary work and done much political service, saved France from total dismemberment at 71 and remained three years after in the presidency to consolidate his work. Von Moltke at 71 had become one of the most famous generals of the centuries, while Bismarck late in life consolidated the German people into one Empire under the great sovereign



who wielded the scepter vigorously until past 90. Gladstone's most triumphant campaign, and one of the most remarkable in English history, was won by a stumping tour of unequaled vigor and versatility when he was 84. The dead line of 50, which had been the rule of the past, no longer exists in our day. Shakespeare divided life into seven ages.

At first the Infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 So he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shruwk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange, eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

But Shakespeare died at 50.

Mr. President, we have only to look about this Senate to note the marvelous difference between Shakespeare's period and our own. It was then the survival of the fittest who possessed the vigor of constitution and strength which could resist the pestilence, plague, and disease common to the unsanitary conditions of the home, uncleanness of the person, and wild excesses and intemperance of the times. According to Shakespeare's view, "the lean and slipper'd pantaloen" came between 50 and 60, and second childhood, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," between 60 and 70. But in our day the leaders in the professions, the captains of industry, and the controlling minds in public life are largely those who look with equanimity upon three score and ten.

The life of Senator PETTUS is one of those American careers which are the perennial inspirations of our youth. Equipped with a vigorous constitution and a good education as his only capital, he began the battle of life with an optimistic cheerfulness and indomitable perseverance which were his characteristics for the succeeding sixty-five years. He was admitted to the bar in 1842, and was in the active practice of his profession, except when on the bench or in wars, for sixty-four years. He early won the favor of a large constituency, and two years after his admission to the bar, at the age of 23, was elected solicitor for the seventh circuit of Alabama. Heredity is either the curse or the blessing of us all. The dominant characteristic in the blood may skip several generations to ultimately assert itself with double force. It was the grandfather, who was a soldier of the Revolution, whose militant and virile spirit was reincarnated in his grandson. The call to arms in the Mexican war drew him instantly from the brilliant career upon which he had entered in legal and political life and he marched to Mexico as a lieutenant of an Alabama company. The stirring experiences of that campaign, with its battles and marches, its assaults and victories, were exquisite happiness to the young and enthusiastic soldier.

He returned from the war at the time when the country was excited, as it had never been before, by the gold discoveries in California. The romance and perils of the West appealed overwhelmingly to this adventurous spirit. That he did not have the money for this expensive trip was no obstacle to a man to whom obstacles were invitations. He started on horseback and found his way across the Great Plains of the West when its trails were infested by bands of hostile Indians. When he arrived the situation did not interest him. His was not the nature to endure hardships and the wild life of a mining camp of that period simply for gold. Glory was his ambition, gold only of value so far as it might help him to attain that end. The voyages and marches of the Forty-niners are a picturesque chapter in the story of the settlement and development of our Territories. They were practical Argonauts, whose

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search had its reward for some in fortunes greater than were possible to the seekers of the Golden Fleece, but for most of them bitter disappointment and unmarked graves. The sordid side of these early struggles on the golden coast repelled this chivalric knight and we find him soon returned to renewed activities at the bar and in the public life of his State. He had been brought up in the strictest school of State rights. The resolutions of 1789 were his political gospel and John C. Calhoun his political guide. One of his last acts in the Senate was to vote against the railroad rate bill, notwithstanding the public sentiment in its favor, because he believed that it violated in principle his fundamental beliefs in the rights and sovereignty of the States. He was among the earliest to enlist for the war in the Confederate army, and believed as thoroughly in the righteousness of his cause as did his patriot grandfather in that of the Revolution.

His commanding figure made him an ideal soldier. He was elected a major of his regiment, but his gallantry upon many bloody battlefields soon won him the stars of a brigadier-general. His impetuosity and daring made him a prisoner of war, but he received the consideration of his captors which gallant soldiers always pay to heroic enemies against whom have gone the fortunes of the fight. The civil war ended, he again resumed the activities of peace. Having vigorously and conscientiously done the work of his laborious profession and accepted many honors from his fellow-citizens, he thought that at 75 he would like to retire to the dignity and congenial duties of a Federal judge, with its permanency of office, securing the pleasures of comfortable and serene old age, but he was told he was too old. This stirred the soldier to conflict, and with the answer, "If I am too old to be a judge, I am young enough to be a United States Senator," he entered a contest before the people for the place. He broke down all opposition and captured the imagination and support of the people, and at 76 was triumphantly elected Senator of the United States from the State of Alabama. When the time for his reelection came, he was 83 years of age, but there was no oppo-

sition, and his triumph was complete. It was one of his most gratifying recollections that his second election cost only \$1, the legal fee for his certificate. He was reelected at the end of his second for a third term, which, if he had lived, would have carried him to the age of 95. There is no such record in the whole history of the Senate.

I served with him on the Committee on the Judiciary. He never missed a meeting, and his reports upon the questions referred to him as a subcommittee were not only able and judicial, but possessed a picturesque originality and humor which gave them the flavor of that Elizabethan literature of which he had been all his life an ardent student. His humor was relentless, and we all remember the occasions when the driest debate was suddenly lifted into life and his side enormously helped by the ripple of laughter which disturbed this august assemblage at one of his sallies. As impregnable were his opinions, so unshakable were his friendships, and he would make any sacrifice to aid or defend those whom he loved.

Side by side in the old churchyard in the village of Selma lie these great statesmen of Alabama, not of Alabama alone, but of the United States. As the years go by that will become sacred ground and a mecca for the youth of the South who would get inspiration for great careers in the civil or military life of their country. The Senators who were privileged to serve with MORGAN and PETTUS unite in paying to their memories the deepest and tenderest tributes of respect and admiration. Long after we are gone, among the cherished traditions of this body will be the recollection of the lives, the genius, the work, and the picturesque personality and originality of these historical figures fighting back death and serving their country when past four-score years, and dying, as they had lived, together.









